

Brotherhood Of The Daleks, by Alan Barnes.

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DALEK: You will begin.

[Part One]

(Jungle sounds. The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

CHARLEY: Oh.

(Tardis door closes.)

CHARLEY: Doctor, I think... Doctor? Oh, where's he got to now?

DOCTOR [OC]: Here we are, Charlotte.

CHARLEY: Gosh. You really have gone for it, haven't you?

DOCTOR [OC]: What? Gone for what?

CHARLEY: Muffler.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh. Oh. Oh yes. (normal) Gone for what, Miss Pollard?

CHARLEY: The whole Eskimo thing. Is that moose-skin?

DOCTOR: This is genuine Inuit garb. Borrowed from Peary on his Farthest North. Terrible rogue, Peary, but never less than practical. Here, these were Henson's.

CHARLEY: Snow shoes?

DOCTOR: Well, I see no huskies, and unless you're hoping to clap me in harness and mush me across the frozen sastrugi..

CHARLEY: There's an image. The thing is...

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Onward, Charlotte. Onward into the icy wastes.

DOCTOR: Oh.

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR: It's a jungle out there.

CHARLEY: I did try to tell you.

DOCTOR: That makes no sense. Gravity - Earth minus five. Temperature - minus twenty two Fahrenheit. Atmosphere thin but breathable. Humidity zero.

CHARLEY: But it's sweltering. It's somewhere up the Congo, I'd say. Deepest Africa, or Darkest Peru.

DOCTOR: The scanner confirms it. An ice cavern. The depths of some weird alien crevasse.

CHARLEY: Patently not. Back to the Tardis wardrobe?

DOCTOR: No, no, no. This can't be right.

CHARLEY: Pith helmets and safari suits, I'd say.

DOCTOR: I'm sure your everyday attire will suffice.

CHARLEY: Well, that's all right, then.

DOCTOR: Oh, just don't go too far.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: I'm running a systems diagnostic.

CHARLEY: Yes, absolutely, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Come on, come on. Well, there you have it. All sensors averaging ninety eight per cent effectiveness. Ninety seven per cent effectiveness. Ninety three point five per cent effectiveness, and falling. What?

(Liquid squirting, Charley cries out.)

DOCTOR: I know that sound. I know that jungle. Charlotte?

CHARLEY: Urgh!

DOCTOR: Oh no!

CHARLEY: Oh, it's all right, I've been... splotted, that's all. Some sponge thing just puffed up and sprayed me on the leg.

DOCTOR: Let me see. Don't touch it!

CHARLEY: Why, do you think it stains?
DOCTOR: Not exactly. Come on, back to the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's only a dash of chartreuse. Is it me, or is it getting dark?
DOCTOR: Now, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: It is. It's practically dark already.
DOCTOR: Yes, now listen, the sap of the sponge plants carries its spores.
CHARLEY: I knew it. You've been here before, you... What do you mean, spores?
DOCTOR: Tardis sick bay, now. We need to stabilise the fungoid infection before it takes hold.
CHARLEY: Fungoid? Oh, like athlete's foot?
DOCTOR: Yes, with one crucial difference.
CHARLEY: Which is...?
DOCTOR: One tends not to amputate for athlete's foot.
CHARLEY: I should jolly well hope not. Oh, mind!
(Splashing.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.
CHARLEY: What? I just stopped you from getting splotted.
DOCTOR: It's all over the Tardis doors now.
CHARLEY: So how are we going to get in without getting covered in splot?
DOCTOR: We're not. Hello? Hello!
CHARLEY: Are you talking to the trees?
DOCTOR: No. Hello? I know you can see me.
CHARLEY: Well, it looks like it to me.
DOCTOR: I'm not talking to the trees. I'm talking to the invisible people. It's all right, we don't mean you any harm.
CHARLEY: And that's better, is it? Talking to the invisible people? What about my leg?
DOCTOR: They used to have a cure for it, and if they don't...
CHARLEY: You weren't serious about, you know, limb amputation?
DOCTOR: It won't come to that.
CHARLEY: Phew.
DOCTOR: Probably.
CHARLEY: Probably? What was that?
DOCTOR: Ah.
CHARLEY: Something in the bushes... There! And there!
DOCTOR: I told you. The invisible people. Natives of a world in the ninth system of a far-off galaxy. A world with an icy core, tropical by day, sub-zero by night. A world carpeted with strange and deadly flora. And the name of the world is...
CHARLEY: Er, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Do you want to know the name of this world or not?
CHARLEY: I thought you said the natives were invisible.
DOCTOR: Spiridons of Spiridon, yes.
CHARLEY: Only this lot seem distinctly visible to me.
DOCTOR: Hmm? what?
TAMARUS: (female) Don't move, either of you.
CHARLEY: We won't.
TAMARUS: Valion, you covering the male?
VALION: (male) I've got him.
DOCTOR: Ah.
TAMARUS: Jesic?
JESIC: (female) Their exit's locked.
TAMARUS: Septal?
SEPTAL: (male) Behind you.
DOCTOR: My, what a well-drilled platoon you have. Commander...?
TAMARUS: Tamarus. Jesic, Septal, search them.
JESIC + SEPTAL: Commander.
CHARLEY: Don't bother, we're not armed.
DOCTOR: Unlike you.

JESIC: She's infected.
CHARLEY: Who's she, the cat's mother?
DOCTOR: As you see, my friend has fallen victim to one of the sponge plants. I don't suppose you'll be able to treat her?
VALION: We're not wasting medical supplies on non-combatants.
DOCTOR: Non-combatants?
VALION: She'd have been immunised otherwise. Could take her leg off, I suppose.
CHARLEY: Kindly don't.
TAMARUS: That's enough, Valion. Are they clear?
JESIC + SEPTAL: Clear.
DOCTOR: Told you.
CHARLEY: So, er, whom are you combating?
TAMARUS: I'm sorry?
CHARLEY: Oh. I didn't realise it was a stupid question.
TAMARUS: Platoon, secure the perimeter.
CHARLEY: Is it a stupid question, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It is, because these, Miss Pollard, are Thals. Advanced peace-loving denizens of New Davius.
CHARLEY: Well, they don't look very peace-loving to me. Hang on, I thought you said this was...
DOCTOR: Spiridon, yes.
CHARLEY: Then what are this lot doing here?
DOCTOR: At a guess, fighting their blood enemies, creatures they shared their birth world with.
CHARLEY: And that birth world was...?
DOCTOR: A planet known as Skaro.
CHARLEY: Right. Skaro?
DOCTOR: Yes, Skaro.
CHARLEY: Oh, er - I mean...
DOCTOR: Does that mean something to you, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: No. No, it... Hello, what's that?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh. I'm not sure.
SEPTAL: Orbiter at forty five rels.
VALION: Commander?
TAMARUS: It's early. Flares. Jesic?
JESIC: I'm on it.
VALION: Quick, girl.
JESIC: Stand back.
TAMARUS: Three, two, one, go. Go!
JESIC: It's not working.
VALION: It's a dud. Another, hurry.
TAMARUS: No. Stop, Jesic.
JESIC: Commander?
VALION: What the...?
TAMARUS: Too late, Valion. It's gone.
VALION: Three more nights till the next pass. Three more.
TAMARUS: No sense in wasting flares.
JESIC: Er, Commander?
TAMARUS: Jesic?
JESIC: They're wet, Commander. The flares.
TAMARUS: All of them?
VALION: Oh, better and better.
TAMARUS: Then we'll have to dry them out.
VALION: In this humidity?
TAMARUS: In this humidity. And then, in three nights' time, we'll have to assume the orbiter will pass by early again.
VALION: One, the flares will not dry out. Two, in three nights' time we'll all be dead. Three, even if by some miracle we survive death by enemy ambush and death by vegetable infection, we still won't know if the orbiter will be early or late or bang on time because...

DOCTOR: Because you're lost. That's why you missed your rendezvous, isn't it?
CHARLEY: I don't follow.
DOCTOR: The orbiter wasn't late. It's just that you've slipped a degree or more of latitude or longitude or both.
CHARLEY: So right now, it's on its way to where they were expecting it?
DOCTOR: Correct.
JESIC: Is this true?
SEPTAL: Commander?
VALION: Well?
TAMARUS: The positioning system has been subject to error these last two months.
VALION: Oh, now she tells us.
JESIC: We're lost.
TAMARUS: No. We can calculate our location, based on the time the orbiter passed and the trajectory it followed.
VALION: And still she leads us blindly on.
TAMARUS: Yes, Valion. With the platoon depleted and demoralised, I judged it best not to burden you all.
VALION: To burden us?
TAMARUS: If we stayed still, we risked being detected by the enemy. This way, we presented a moving target.
SEPTAL: But we *were* detected by the enemy.
TAMARUS: By a passing patrol.
VALION: Yes, and one of us died.
SEPTAL: Nyaiad.

NYAIAD [memory]: They've outflanked us.
VALION [memory]: Nyaiad, get back.
NYAIAD [memory]: It's too late. But I'll take one with me.
VALION [memory]: Nyaiad!

VALION: Nyaiad died. And all because you, Commander, were too proud to admit we were lost.
TAMARUS: No. I was keeping the platoon together.
VALION: You were keeping your failure hidden.
JESIC: Valion, no.
VALION: No what?
TAMARUS: Lower your weapon, Valion, before you go too far.
VALION: Too far?
TAMARUS: Lower your weapon, or Jesic and Septal will cut you down where you stand.
SEPTAL: Commander?
TAMARUS: You heard me.
JESIC: But he's one of us, Commander.
SEPTAL: Comrade Valion, please.
DOCTOR: If I might just interject...
VALION: You.
DOCTOR: It's all right. I'm used to having firearms pointed in my direction.
CHARLEY: Yes, but he's not well, is he? I know you're not one for snap diagnoses, but - shell-shock, perhaps?
DOCTOR: Shell-shock?
CHARLEY: Isn't that...?
DOCTOR: Post-traumatic stress disorder, maybe. Shell-shock is a rather antiquated term.
VALION: Prisoners shall not confer.
CHARLEY: Prisoners?
DOCTOR: I'm so sorry, I, I didn't realise. Prisoners, yes. Hands up, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Seriously?
VALION: Seriously.
TAMARUS: That's enough, Valion. They could be anyone.
VALION: Yes, they could be spies.

CHARLEY: Tourists.
VALION: Enemy replicants.
DOCTOR: Do I look anything other than one of a kind?
JESIC: The girl. She's infected, but her leg's not blistered.
DOCTOR: Yet.
CHARLEY: Yes, thank you.
VALION: Replicant flesh doesn't blister.
CHARLEY: Look, I'm human, all right?
DOCTOR: You are human?
CHARLEY: Well, yes.
DOCTOR: Just checking.
CHARLEY: Thanks.
DOCTOR: Well, you never know. Besides, she's right - you really ought to have become blooming by now.
CHARLEY: I'm not a clematis.
VALION: Stop bickering! Human? Really? What, from Earth?
CHARLEY: Absolutely.
VALION: Earth? Hah. You'll be asking us to believe in fairies and Mutos and Doctor of Tardis next.
DOCTOR: Ah.
CHARLEY: Well, that's the tell the truth option out the window.
DOCTOR: Yeah.
VALION: You - you're familiar with the sponge plants?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm an amateur botanist, Doctor...
TAMARUS: Doctor...?
DOCTOR: Brown. Doctor Brown.
CHARLEY: He's been here before.
VALION: When?
DOCTOR: A very good question.
CHARLEY: And the answer is...?
DOCTOR: Difficult.
VALION: Just blast them and be done with it.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Charlotte, I daren't say anything for fear I should unwittingly undo my own personal time-line.
JESIC: Commander, how did they get here? They must have had transport.
SEPTAL: She's right.
VALION: At last. Someone's thinking.
TAMARUS: Oh, I've had enough of this.
CHARLEY: It's the blue box, all right?
DOCTOR: No!
CHARLEY: I'm apparently dying, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I've not forgotten.
JESIC: The blue box, you said?
DOCTOR: Blue box. Yes. Does that mean something to you?
VALION [echoed]: You'll be asking us to believe in fairies and Mutos and Doctor of Tardis next.
TAMARUS: Jesic?
DOCTOR: Hello?
JESIC: Tardis.

DALEKS: Tardis. Tardis.

TAMARUS: Jesic, snap out of it.
DOCTOR: She looks exhausted to me.
VALION: We're all exhausted.
JESIC: I'm fine. What blue box?
DOCTOR: We travel through Space and Time inside it. I know it sounds incredible, but - there it is.
VALION: Where?

CHARLEY: Honestly, just behind us h... Oh.
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh indeed.
TAMARUS: Stay where you are.
CHARLEY: It was just here.
SEPTAL: It's the Spiridons. They must have carried it off.
DOCTOR: Invisible they may be, but not inaudible. No, I think it's been absorbed by the spores, consumed by the jungle.
CHARLEY: The jungle can do that?
DOCTOR: Possibly.
CHARLEY: So what do we do now?
DOCTOR: I really don't know.
VALION: I do. Destroy them.
TAMARUS: Valion!
VALION: They're replicants, designed to infiltrate and kill.
DOCTOR: What, infiltrate and kill?
VALION: It's a well-known Dalek strategy. The trouble is they don't have the wit to improvise a response.
CHARLEY: The trouble is, you lot see Daleks in your own shadows...
DOCTOR: Daleks? He said Daleks and you didn't even blink?
CHARLEY: I know he said Daleks. It's the name of their enemy. I'm right, aren't I?
TAMARUS + SEPTAL + JESIC: Yes.
VALION: Correct.
CHARLEY: Have you heard of them before?
DOCTOR: I have.
CHARLEY: Oh.
VALION: That's enough, you two.
DOCTOR: Valion, isn't it? Tell me about these Dalek replicants, the ones designed to infiltrate and kill?
VALION: Well, they say a twin couldn't tell if his brother had been replicated.
CHARLEY: Oh, come on.
DOCTOR: Well, what's so remarkable about that?
CHARLEY: Doctor, you can't imagine...
DOCTOR: What, that one might be duped by a Dalek replicant? It's easily done, I'm told.
JESIC: Commander?
TAMARUS: Yes?
JESIC: It's probably nothing.
TAMARUS: Continue.
JESIC: The girl, Charlotte.
TAMARUS: What about her?
JESIC: I keep thinking, Commander. I seem to... know her.
TAMARUS: Jestic, are you all right?
JESIC: I... know her. Charlotte Pollard.

NYAIAD: Oh, help. (beep) Comrade Director Murgat. Come in, please.
MURGAT [OC]: Is this important?
NYAIAD: A query regression.
MURGAT [OC]: Where?
NYAIAD: The jungle. I need you here now.
MURGAT [OC]: It should auto-correct. Just log it. It can be properly evaluated later.
NYAIAD: There's something else. A foreign body.
MURGAT [OC]: Are you sure?
NYAIAD: Two foreign bodies. No, three. Well, unless some of the Atelidae have escaped.
MURGAT [OC]: More likely the sensors are out of phase.
NYAIAD: Perhaps I should check.
MURGAT [OC]: Perhaps you should. Can I go now?
NYAIAD: Oh. Yes. I'm sorry, Comrade Director.
MURGAT [OC]: Why, thank you, Nyaiad.

TAMARUS: Jesic, what's the matter with you today?
JESIC: She does not belong here. Charlotte Pollard. (gasp, thud)
TAMARUS: Septal, Valion, help me with her.
DOCTOR: If I might be of any assistance...?
VALION: You keep back.
DOCTOR: Oh.
TAMARUS: Jesic? Come on, you're stronger than this.
DOCTOR: Shaking her won't help.
VALION: And what would a botanist know about it?
CHARLEY: Doctor, while they're distracted.
DOCTOR: Not now.
CHARLEY: Yes, now. It's our chance.
DOCTOR: What - to run away? Where to?
CHARLEY: Well, if you won't, I will.
DOCTOR: Charley, no!
TAMARUS: Valion, the girl!
VALION: I'll retrieve her.
DOCTOR: Oh no.
VALION: There's nowhere safe, girl. Nowhere to run to.
TAMARUS: Doctor, stay here.
DOCTOR: . I'll be right back. I'm sorry, but I can't leave her out there to fend for herself.
TAMARUS: Doctor!
SEPTAL: Commander, shall I go after her?
TAMARUS: No, Septal. Stay with Jesic. I'm going after him.

CHARLEY: (breathless) Oh, well, let's not make things any worse, Doctor. Doctor? Well, really. Hmm. Invisible people. Of course. Hello? I, er, know all about, you know, the invisibility thing. Well, I'll tell you what. One shake of the bush for yes, two for no. You see, I've been splotted by one of those sponge plants. Er, you wouldn't have a, I don't know, a lotion or something? Sorry, could you be a bit more exact with your rustling? Help! Help! I'm being eaten! Help!

DOCTOR: Charlotte? Charlotte! I'm over here, by some ruins! Yes, ruins. Fascinating. Ah, my Spiridon friends, I think. It's all right. I don't mean you any harm.
VALION: Put your hands where I can see them.
DOCTOR: Oh, it's you, Valion.
VALION: I said...
DOCTOR: Oh, never mind all that. I found something very interesting indeed. Now, somewhere in here I've got...
VALION: Hands out your pockets now!
DOCTOR: An ice axe, that's all. I need to scrape the moss from this stonework.
VALION: Why?
DOCTOR: Well, because there's part of an inscription here, and that might give me a clue as to our precise location on this planet. And if I can fix our precise location... Well, the better off we'll be...
VALION: What is it?
DOCTOR: How very odd. The hieroglyphs just seem to end, beneath the moss.
VALION: They're no use to us, then. On your feet.
DOCTOR: That's not the point. Beneath the moss it's smooth, level, as though nothing was ever carved there. But there must have been, because these uncovered glyphs make only half a sentence.
VALION: Well, some property of the moss, then.
DOCTOR: What, a moss that regenerates stone? I've seen some strange things in my er, career as a botanist, but I've never before encountered...
(Laser gun shots.)
DOCTOR: Did I just hear...?
VALION: Gunfire. This way.

NYAIAD [OC]: You can stop writhing now.

CHARLEY: Who? Oh. Oh, thank you. I thought I was a goner there.

NYAIAD [OC]: I meant, get up.

CHARLEY: Now, you're not going to save me from a man-eating plant just to shoot me, are you?

NYAIAD [OC]: The only thing I'd save you from is yourself.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I didn't catch that, it's the gas-mask or whatever.

NYAIAD [OC]: You're no activist. What are you?

CHARLEY: Who, if you don't mind. I'm Charlotte. Charlotte Pollard. Are you a Thal? Oh, you look like a Thal, all blonde and Nordic.

NYAIAD [OC]: You've seen others like me?

CHARLEY: Well, yes.

NYAIAD [OC]: Here?

CHARLEY: Well... Oh. Actually, here they come.

NYAIAD [OC]: What? Oh no.

(Roar, thud.)

VALION: Lie still!

NYAIAD [OC]: Get -

VALION: Still, damn you!

NYAIAD [OC]: Get off me, Valion.

VALION: Who? What?

NYAIAD [OC]: No, no!

VALION: What? I don't believe it. What? No.

NYAIAD: Please, the mask. Give me back the mask.

CHARLEY: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Charlotte! Are you all right?

CHARLEY: Well, I was nearly a side dish for some vegetation until my friend here turned up.

DOCTOR: Yes, another Thal.

NYAIAD: Please.

CHARLEY: Oh, you're squashing her, Valion.

DOCTOR: Get off her, man!

VALION: Yes. Yes.

DOCTOR: Thank you. And you are...?

NYAIAD: Nyaiad.

DOCTOR: Nyaiad. Pretty name. Hold on, weren't you supposed to be...?

VALION: Stand away from it.

NYAIAD: The mask. Please, make him give me back the mask.

CHARLEY: Killed. She was the one they said was killed.

VALION: I said stand away. It's a Dalek replicant!

CHARLEY: I'd do as he says, Doctor. I don't think he's quite right. You know, in the head?

NYAIAD: Yes, he's shell-shocked.

CHARLEY: See?

DOCTOR: Well, this is hardly the time for scoring points.

VALION: I was there. I saw her die.

VALION [memory]: Nyaiad, get back!

NYAIAD [memory]: It's too late. But I'll take one with me.

VALION [memory]: Nyaiad!

VALION: I saw what they did. I saw what they did. They... they killed her.

CHARLEY: Poor Valion, he's suffered terribly.

VALION: Keep back!

DOCTOR: I'd do as he says if I were you.

CHARLEY: Really, I would.

NYAIAD: No. The trauma is so deep, I'm not sure it can be overcome. This is fascinating. From a psychological standpoint, I mean.

VALION: Please!

DOCTOR: Oh no, that's enough. Can't you see this man is in pain?

NYAIAD: Yes, exactly. Lower your weapon, Valion.

VALION: No. No.

NYAIAD: Lower it, and give me back the mask.
CHARLEY: I don't know who you are or what you are, but stop it now.
NYAIAD: See? That's better, isn't it? It broke you to see me die once. You couldn't let it happen twice.
VALION: Nyaiad.
NYAIAD: Now, the mask. That's right.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure that'll be of much use.
NYAIAD: It's broken. In Temmosus's name, it's broken.
TAMARUS: Replicant! Get back, everyone. Replicant!
NYAIAD: You don't understand.
DOCTOR: Commander, no.
TAMARUS: That's an order. I warned you.
DOCTOR: No, Tamarus!
(Blaster fire, screams.)
VALION: Nyaiad.
DOCTOR: Oh no.
CHARLEY: She's dead, isn't she?
DOCTOR: I don't understand. She was, what, electrocuted?
VALION: You killed her.
TAMARUS: You fool. That wasn't Nyaiad.
DOCTOR: Oh, I have a feeling it was.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
VALION: It killed Nyaiad, our comrade.
TAMARUS: Look at you now. The veteran of the Mechanoid Wars. A muddied, bloodied wreck, a disgrace to your platoon. An embarrassment.
VALION: Am I.
DOCTOR: Valion, don't make it worse.
(Blaster fire, scream, thud.)
DOCTOR: Now look what you've done.
VALION: She was not Tamarus.
CHARLEY: Oh, not that replicant business again.
VALION: She was a traitor. She had to be destroyed. Expunged. Eliminated. There is a word. The word is... is...

DALEKS: The word. The word. What is the word? The word is... is...

CHARLEY: What word, Valion?
VALION: The word... (thud)
CHARLEY: He's flat out. What word, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Don't you know?
SEPTAL: Don't move. Please, what's happened here?
DOCTOR: Ah, young Septal.
SEPTAL: The Commander. She's dead.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes.
SEPTAL: And this. This is Nyaiad.
CHARLEY: We can explain everything. Oh, well, actually we can't.
DOCTOR: Er - I can.
CHARLEY: Well, go on, then.
DOCTOR: You see, we're not on Spiridon at all. None of us.
SEPTAL: No. No, no.
CHARLEY: Just listen to what he has to say, please.
DOCTOR: I realised when I found some moss-covered hieroglyphics back there. Only, the carvings didn't exist beneath the moss. That's when I realised they didn't exist because they hadn't been perceived to exist. And that's what this is all about. Perception. Or more specifically, *your* perception, you Thals.
SEPTAL: This is psychological warfare. I can resist this.
DOCTOR: It's not me you're fighting, Septal. Is it? I said, is it?
SEPTAL: I can resist this.

DOCTOR: Deep breaths now. Come on. Deep breaths. Deep breaths, of course!
CHARLEY: Oh no. No, my legs, the fungus!
DOCTOR: Oh, it's all right, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: No, no, but it's blooming like you said it would. No, no.
DOCTOR: I told you, we're not on Spiridon.
CHARLEY: But then, why is it...?
DOCTOR: It only appears to be blooming because I suspect, the dominant impression of you was Valion's assertion that you were a Dalek replicant.
CHARLEY: But replicant flesh doesn't blister, I heard the...
DOCTOR: Yes, well, Valion's out of it now. The other Thals' mental engrams are shaping this environment and everything in it.
CHARLEY: But there's only one of them conscious.
DOCTOR: Exactly. So we can take charge of this environment.
CHARLEY: How?
DOCTOR: The girl who died - Nyaiad - she wore a gas mask.
CHARLEY: Then...
DOCTOR: Eh?
CHARLEY: There's something in the air.
DOCTOR: Indeed. But if I told you the pollen of this blue flower was noted for its anti-hallucinogenic properties...
CHARLEY: What, like rosemary counteracted the effect of the Grel particles?
DOCTOR: Yeah, just like that, yes.
CHARLEY: You're telling me, we sniff the pollen of this flower, and we'll see this environment as it really is with nothing else getting in the way?
DOCTOR: Absolutely.
SEPTAL: Er, the word.
DOCTOR: Quick, before Valion wakes up and starts dominating the landscape again.
CHARLEY: Oh, but this...
DOCTOR: Will you just trust me? Charley?
CHARLEY: Well...
DOCTOR: Hmm?
CHARLEY: Oh - yes, yes of course, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, now, hold that breath.
CHARLEY: Mmm hmm.
DOCTOR: Keep on holding it. Now, close your eyes.
CHARLEY: Can I stop holding it now?
DOCTOR: No, no, no. Just a little longer.

DOCTOR: Now, let go. And open your eyes.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's dark and... oh, cold.
DOCTOR: Yeah, lucky I've got my moose skin. Ah.
CHARLEY: Ah-what? I can't see anything.
DOCTOR: Behind you.
CHARLEY: Hmm? Oh my God.
THALEK-SEPTAL: What is this place? Where have you transported us? Answer.
THALEK-VALION: Answer.
CHARLEY: But they're...
DOCTOR: They're what, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: Daleks. They're Daleks, aren't they?
DOCTOR: It's all right. I think.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Daleks? We are not Daleks.
CHARLEY: Keep back.
THALEK-SEPTAL: I am Septal.
THALEK-VALION: I am Valion.
THALEKS: We are Thals. We are Thals. We are Thals. We are Thals!

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Thals?

CHARLEY: Great big shiny salt-cellar shaped Thals?

DOCTOR: Well...

THALEK-VALION: What is this place? Explain.

THALEK-SEPTAL: Explain.

THALEKS: Explain. Explain. Explain.

CHARLEY: You heard them, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh. Er, yes. Well, er...

(Lights thump on.)

CHARLEY: Oh, my eyes.

THALEK-VALION: Alert, alert. Visual sensors over-stimulated.

CHARLEY: That's what I said.

DOCTOR: Shh. Listen.

TAMARUS [OC]: Don't move.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, do I know you?

THALEK-VALION: Commander? Commander Tamarus?

DOCTOR: Yes, that's it.

TAMARUS [OC]: Jesic, cover the strangers. Septal, Valion, secure the experimental units.

CHARLEY: Thals.

DOCTOR: Thals, yes.

CHARLEY: Oh, now I'm completely lost.

THALEK-SEPTAL: Comrades, I do not understand.

VALION [OC]: Pity. Septal?

SEPTAL [OC]: Comrade?

VALION [OC]: Just switch them off.

SEPTAL [OC]: Sorry about this.

THALEK-SEPTAL: What is this? Comrade? Please...

SEPTAL [OC]: They're secured.

VALION [OC]: Sorry. Septal, you're pathetic.

TAMARUS [OC]: Check the others.

VALION [OC]: Commander.

CHARLEY: Er, excuse me.

TAMARUS [OC]: Quiet.

CHARLEY: It is you isn't it, Jesic?

JESIC [OC]: Hands up.

CHARLEY: It's a perfectly civil question.

JESIC [OC]: Hands up.

DOCTOR: I don't think the lady's minded to be civil, Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: All right then. It's not like I haven't had the practice.

TAMARUS [OC]: You. How did you break into this facility?

CHARLEY: I'm sorry. All I heard was (mumble)

TAMARUS [OC]: Jesic, hit her.

JESIC [OC]: Commander.

CHARLEY: What? Ow!

DOCTOR: There was no need for that. Charley, are you all right?

CHARLEY: That really hurt.

DOCTOR: I know, I know, it's all right, you'll be all right.

VALION [OC]: Commander, over here.

TAMARUS [OC]: What is it?

VALION [OC]: Nyaiad. She's dead.

TAMARUS [OC]: Help them bring her in.

JESIC [OC]: Commander.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry for your loss, Commander.

TAMARUS [OC]: Did you do this?

DOCTOR: No.

CHARLEY: You did, Commander.

TAMARUS [OC]: Follow me.

DOCTOR: Only if there's to be no more violence.

TAMARUS [OC]: No more violence. Fair enough. Fall back.

TAMARUS [OC]: Hurry it up, you three.

VALION [OC]: Mind her head.

JESIC [OC]: Sorry.

TAMARUS [OC]: Yes, we might be able to retrieve some of her personality.

CHARLEY: And give it to you?

TAMARUS [OC]: Seal the lock.

VALION [OC]: Commander.

DOCTOR: On the whole I think I preferred her as a Dalek.

CHARLEY: Doctor, this is real, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Does your bruise tell you nothing?

CHARLEY: Well, the fungus felt real enough. Oh, and another thing.

DOCTOR: Yes?

CHARLEY: If the jungle was a fantasy generated by mental anagrams...

DOCTOR: Engrams.

CHARLEY: Well, whatever they were. Where did the flower come from? You know, that woke us up?

DOCTOR: Ah, the anti-hallucinogen. Just a ruse to help you shatter the illusion.

CHARLEY: I did wonder. Another smell to break the spell, just like the scent of rosemary.

DOCTOR: A ruse by any other name would smell as sweet.

CHARLEY: Oh, that's terrible.

DOCTOR: Thought you'd like it.

VALION [OC]: Air's pure.

JESIC [OC]: Good. I hate these masks.

TAMARUS: Clear us out, Septal.

SEPTAL: Commander.

CHARLEY: Oh, and another another thing.

DOCTOR: What?

CHARLEY: If we're not in the jungles of Spiridon...

DOCTOR: We're exactly where the Tardis told us we were. In the hollows of an ice planet.

CHARLEY: Yes, but where?

MURGAT: Bring them through.

VALION: Move.

DOCTOR: I imagine we're about to find out.

MURGAT: Interesting specimens you've brought me, Comrade Commander.

JESIC: Forward.

CHARLEY: Ow.

DOCTOR: Takes one to know one, sir.

CHARLEY: Doctor, he's half...

MURGAT: Half-Thal, half-plant, you were going to say?

CHARLEY: No.

DOCTOR: A living glasshouse. Fascinating.

TAMARUS: Move away from the Director!

MURGAT: Stand down, Tamarus.

TAMARUS: Director.

DOCTOR: Thank you. I apologise A translucent plastene casing. Water is continuously recycled through - ah yes, here, thus keeping the foliage moist.

CHARLEY: Oh, why?

DOCTOR: So the plants needn't draw on the Director's own... fluids.

CHARLEY: Lovely.

DOCTOR: You're a one-man ecosystem, aren't you, Director...?

MURGAT: Murgat.

CHARLEY: I've a question for Director Murgat.

MURGAT: Yes?

CHARLEY: Who prunes you?

DOCTOR: Anyway...

MURGAT: It's a not unreasonable question. My staff attend to my every physical need, Charlotte Pollard.

DOCTOR: Ah. You've been listening in.

MURGAT: Indeed, Doctor Brown.

DOCTOR: Ah. Just Doctor.

MURGAT: I know who you are. Valion, Septal, take Nyaiad away.

VALION: Comrade Director.

MURGAT: Tamarus, you and Jesic resume monitoring of the experiment.

DOCTOR: Yes, about this experiment.

MURGAT: In time.

TAMARUS: Director.

CHARLEY: Hang on, we could be anyone.

MURGAT: You could be, but you're not. Follow me.

DOCTOR: You heard the Director.

CHARLEY: Yes, but we're not...

DOCTOR: I don't believe he means us any immediate harm.

CHARLEY: Doctor, we don't know anything about him.

DOCTOR: Well, you know what they say about people in glass houses.

MURGAT: Follow. Follow.

JESIC: I'm not sure about it, that's all I'm saying, Commander.

TAMARUS: The Director knows what he's doing, Comrade Jesic.

JESIC: He's improvising. This is far beyond the parameters of the experiment.

TAMARUS: The *original* experiment. We're breaking new ground now. Bring them back, Nyaiad too.

JESIC: Day One reset?

TAMARUS: Day One.

JESIC: All five subjects fully conscious.

TAMARUS: Recording levels.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Platoon, fall in.

JESIC: Levels good. You're so... commanding, Commander.

TAMARUS: Just get on with it.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Come on, come on, step to it.

TAMARUS: Right. We've got enemy chatter two clicks to the east.

JESIC: Two clicks six, Commander.

TAMARUS: Thank you, Jesic. Now, with just the five of us, we don't want to have to engage with the enemy. Not until we've determined their numbers. This is a reconnaissance mission, not an opportunity for Valion here to add to his battle scars.

VALION: Shame. Something amusing, Nyaiad?

NYAIAD: No.

VALION: Septal?

SEPTAL: No, not at all.

VALION: Good. Because there's nothing amusing about a confrontation with the enemy. Staring down the iris of his eye-stalk.

TAMARUS: Save the war stories for the camp-fire, Valion. You and Nyaiad will go on ahead. Jesic, Septal, we three shadow.

JESIC: Commander.

SEPTAL: Commander.

TAMARUS: And watch out for the plant life. This is Spiridon, not a walk in the petrified forest. Positions!

MURGAT: Here we are.

DOCTOR: And here is...?

CHARLEY: Doctor, I'm all for when in Rome, but I draw the line at sharing a Turkish bath with anyone.

MURGAT: Come.
DOCTOR: This is no sauna.
MURGAT: Come, come.
CHARLEY: If I must – Ow. Careful.
MURGAT: It's essential the humidity is strictly regulated.
DOCTOR: And I can see why. Now, this – oh ho - this is what I call a glasshouse.
CHARLEY: I don't know. I've been to Kew.
DOCTOR: Forgive me, Murgat. My companion mistakes this facility for an interesting collection of flora.
CHARLEY: Hardly. It's just a crop of the same rather dreary purple flowers.
DOCTOR: Stretched out over a hundred acres?
CHARLEY: Well, yes.
DOCTOR: In the heart of an ice planet?
CHARLEY: He's got green fingers, I'll give him that.
DOCTOR: Ahem.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm terribly... I didn't mean... it - it's an expression, that's all.
MURGAT: Is it?
CHARLEY: So these plants. Er, from Spiridon, I take it?
MURGAT: Oh, no, no. They're native to an obscure world four galaxies hence. So obscure in fact that it has no name. Only the coding...
CHARLEY: Shh! I thought...
DOCTOR: Miss Pollard, a well brought-up young girl such as yourself ought to know better than to continually interrupt.
CHARLEY: Oh, I heard something, in the undergrowth, just about... There. Oh!
MURGAT: We're in the daylight cycle. The Atelid won't hurt you.
CHARLEY: What was that? I mean, some sort of howler monkey?
DOCTOR: Not a monkey. A Jekyll.
CHARLEY: As in Gertrude?
DOCTOR: No, that's Gee-kill. As in Hyde.
CHARLEY: Oh. Well, you know, I just thought, gardening references.
DOCTOR: The Jekylls are native to an obscure little world known only by the designation YT...
MURGAT: YT45, correct.
CHARLEY: Yes, it's rude to interrupt.
DOCTOR: Then these must be... Of course.
MURGAT: Yes?
DOCTOR: Kyropites. You're harvesting kyropites.

JESIC [OC]: Commander? Come in, Commander.
TAMARUS: I said radio silence, Jesic.
JESIC [OC]: I know. It's just, I've found something.

TAMARUS [OC]: Found what? The enemy?
JESIC: No. A box. A blue box. It doesn't belong here.
TAMARUS [OC]: Blue box? Jesic, we don't have time for this.
JESIC: It's important. I don't know why, but it is.

JESIC: What's that?
TAMARUS: Neural spike. Maybe a query regression.
JESIC: Really? Which one?
THALEK-JESIC: A box. A blue box. It does not belong here.
TAMARUS: You.

TAMARUS [OC]: Jesic? Come in. Jesic?
JESIC: Blue box.
DOCTOR [memory]: Does that mean something to you?

TAMARUS [OC]: Jesic? What's happened? Jesic!

JESIC: Tardis.

DALEKS: Tardis. Tardis.

CHARLEY: And what exactly is a kyropite?

DOCTOR: No time, Charlotte. We have to get out of here.

MURGAT: We're sealed in, Doctor, to maintain the humidity.

DOCTOR: Let us out, Murgat.

MURGAT: Doctor, it's perfectly safe.

DOCTOR: I'd sooner picnic in a Krynoid nursery.

MURGAT: Then I'll show you. Charlotte, would you help me with my head-piece, please?

CHARLEY: Er - right. What exactly do I...?

MURGAT: There's a catch to the rear.

CHARLEY: Er... Oh, got it.

MURGAT: Thank you. You see, Doctor, perfectly safe. In. And out. In. And out. Of course, he's half-kyropite himself.

CHARLEY: Now he tells us.

DOCTOR: I'd have known at once, had he not been so recently pruned.

CHARLEY: Oh, obviously.

DOCTOR: But that doesn't mean we're not in danger.

CHARLEY: From what exactly, an attack of greenfly?

MURGAT: He means from the plants themselves.

DOCTOR: Their pollen lulls their victims into a dream state. In their mind's eye they live out a fantasy existence whereas in fact, they're being slowly composted.

CHARLEY: So, that's what's happened to him?

DOCTOR: He seems to have held the process at bay.

MURGAT: Thanks to the Atelidae.

CHARLEY: The what?

DOCTOR: The Jekylls. They share a symbiotic relationship with the kyropites, guarding them by night in exchange for immunity to the kyropite poison.

MURGAT: And that immunity I have extracted for myself.

DOCTOR: Extracted?

CHARLEY: Monkey glands? I'm told they swear by them in the Orient.

DOCTOR: Do they? Well, I have to admire your... gall, Murgat.

MURGAT: Thank you.

CHARLEY: That's a joke, I think.

DOCTOR: But the information is of little use to us right now.

CHARLEY: Well, we seem to be all right so far.

DOCTOR: Seem to be, yes, but that's the thing. Already we could be trapped inside a prison of our own fantasies and we'd never know.

CHARLEY: If this *were* my fantasy, you wouldn't be in it.

DOCTOR: Charming.

CHARLEY: Oh - I - I didn't mean...

DOCTOR: No, I understood perfectly.

CHARLEY: No, I meant... Oh. You you.

MURGAT: Look up, Doctor. The air in this chamber is in constant circulation. The kyropite pollen is...

DOCTOR: Is sucked out through the extractor fans, I see. And pumped into...

CHARLEY: The ice cavern. That's what he's using on the Daleks.

MURGAT: Partly right.

CHARLEY: Oh?

DOCTOR: Yes, we shared the same delusion, that we were all on Spiridon together.

CHARLEY: But Daleks don't have fantasies.

MURGAT: Don't they?

DOCTOR: If they did, it wouldn't be that they were Thals.

MURGAT: Follow me. There is more to see.

NYAIAD: Night. Funny how it falls so fast round here.

VALION: Stop star-gazing, Nyaiad. Trust me, the enemy won't be distracted.
NYAIAD: I suppose.
VALION: Pass me the infra-reds, will you?
NYAIAD: Yes, sorry. Can you see anything?
VALION: Oh, just ruins. It's quiet. Stay alert, Comrade. There's no second chances on this horrible planet.
NYAIAD: You talk like you've been here before.
VALION: I've...
NYAIAD: Only you haven't. None of us have.
TAMARUS [OC]: Valion. Come in, please.
VALION: Radio silence you said, Commander.
TAMARUS [OC]: I know. It's just...
VALION: What?
TAMARUS: Jesic's found something, a half-click west of your current position. A blue box.
VALION: Blue... box?
DOCTOR [memory]: I know it sounds incredible, but...

JESIC: Another spike.
TAMARUS: Let me see.
JESIC: Valion this time. We should call Murgat.
TAMARUS: Shh, listen.
THALEK-VALION: Blue... box?

MURGAT: This was once a Dalek facility. An experimental station. We Thals have since driven the enemy out of this corner of the galaxy, with a little help from you, Doctor, I believe.
DOCTOR: I don't think so. I have not been near Antares in six millennia.
CHARLEY: He's probably just forgotten.
DOCTOR: I don't forget anything. Certainly not where Daleks are concerned. Unless...
MURGAT: Doctor?
DOCTOR: No, no, nothing. Lead on.
CHARLEY: Unless?
DOCTOR: Unless I've not been here yet. And it wouldn't do to have knowledge of my future activities.
CHARLEY: No, I suppose not.
DOCTOR: It could be disastrous, not only to me personally, but to the Web of Ti...
CHARLEY: Web of Time itself, I know.
DOCTOR: You do?
CHARLEY: What? Oh. Only because, you know...
DOCTOR: Because what?
CHARLEY: Er, you're always on about it.
DOCTOR: Uh?
CHARLEY: The warp and weft of the Web of Time, all that.
DOCTOR: I am not always on about the Web of Time. In fact, I can't recall when I might have mentioned it.
CHARLEY: All right, not always, but you said something about it last Thursday.
DOCTOR: I did not. All right, when? When last Thursday?
MURGAT: If I might have your attention?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Sorry. Sorry, spot of confusion about dates, that's all. Oh, good grief.
CHARLEY: Doctor, it's...
DOCTOR: Tamarus, Valion, Jesic, Septal.
CHARLEY: And Nyaiad.
DOCTOR: I presume. The poor girl's face has been entirely consumed.
MURGAT: The whole platoon.
DOCTOR: All eaten by the one giant kyropite.
MURGAT: All sharing the one dream. A dream that's being electronically relayed into the brains of the Daleks in the ice cavern.
CHARLEY: Why?

DOCTOR: I don't know. But I'm not prepared to let it continue a moment longer. Charlotte, help me.

CHARLEY: Help you do what?

DOCTOR: Release the electrodes from their brains. Then we'll find some way of restoring these poor souls to the real world.

MURGAT: Doctor, Doctor, Doctor. All you'll do is wake up five very angry Daleks.

CHARLEY: He's got a point, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, he's got his lab rats well-contained. But I can't condone an experiment as sadistic as this, not even on Daleks.

MURGAT: It's *their* experiment, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry?

MURGAT: I told you, this was a Dalek facility. The platoon you see here was captured by the Daleks.

CHARLEY: On Spiridon?

MURGAT: Precisely. When we Thals in turn captured this facility, the experiment was already underway. I myself attempted to release my compatriots from the grip of the kyropite, but was infected in the process.

DOCTOR: Yes, I can see that.

MURGAT: Fortunately, I was able to improvise this solution, so the work might continue.

DOCTOR: And that work is...?

MURGAT: The Daleks intended to use the kyropite dream as a means of transmitting their thought processes into individual brains.

DOCTOR: Yeah, they've experimented with mind control before.

MURGAT: And created nothing but robotised drones, zombies. But here, here was a way to enslave the minds of an entire species. Pollinating a planet with Dalek ideas before their saucers land.

DOCTOR: Oh, and you want to co-opt the process for the Thal side. What'll it be, hmm? A gas attack on Skaro?

CHARLEY: That'd make them no better than the Hun.

DOCTOR: But... The Hun?

CHARLEY: Well, they started the whole gas thing at Ypres.

DOCTOR: Oh, you read that in the Weekly War News, I suppose?

CHARLEY: Oh no, I...

DOCTOR: No, hmm.

MURGAT: There's nothing I can do for these five fallen warriors, their minds trapped in their trauma. But I can help them wreak their revenge on the Daleks.

CHARLEY: As a Fifth Column?

DOCTOR: Oh, the Weekly War News again?

MURGAT: I don't understand.

DOCTOR: A crack squad of Thal soldiers, their very personalities transmitted into Dalek brains, then sent out on a mission to sabotage the Dalek war machine from the inside, is that it?

MURGAT: Mostly.

DOCTOR: Well, it won't work. They don't sound quite right for one thing. The personality grafts are too crudely spliced. They're picking up intonation and inflexion from the originals.

CHARLEY: Yes, about them.

DOCTOR: What?

CHARLEY: Well, if that lot caught by the kyropite are the platoon from Spiridon, who are the Tamaruses and Valions we met earlier?

MURGAT: This was a Dalek facility, Miss Pollard.

DOCTOR: You said yourself they were short on personality.

CHARLEY: They...

DOCTOR: They were clones. Replicants.

SEPTAL [OC]: She's coming round.

VALION [OC]: Finally.

SEPTAL [OC]: Nyaiad? Are you with us?

VALION [OC]: We might need to shock her.

SEPTAL [OC]: Nyaiad?

VALION [OC]: No, it's not happening. Cardio-stimulators. Now, Septal.

SEPTAL: It's all right. She's here. Hello? Nyaiad?

VALION: It's just excess fluid. Spit it out.
NYAIAD: They...
VALION: I said spit.
VALION: Pass her a towel.
SEPTAL: Yes.
NYAIAD: Oh, thank you.
VALION: Name, rank, generational number.
NYAIAD: Nyaiad. Comrade Lieutenant, Thal Space Fleet. Generational number 786A.
SEPTAL: Reconstitution successful.
VALION: You've passed. Fit for duty. Get up.
NYAIAD: Wait, I remember...
VALION: You were shot, yes. You've been melted down then reconstituted. Now you're good as new.
NYAIAD: I know, but there was something else. Someone...
VALION [memory]: I said stand away! It's a Dalek replicant!
CHARLEY [memory]: I'd do as he says, Doctor.
NYAIAD: Doctor.

DALEKS: Doctor. Tardis. Doctor. Tardis. Doctor. Tardis.
DOCTOR: You've still not explained what you want with me, Murgat.
MURGAT: I haven't, no.
DOCTOR: Well, I want nothing to do with you. Come on, Charlotte.
MURGAT: Oh, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'd wish you good luck, but no good comes of playing games with Daleks.
CHARLEY: Quiet, you two.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
CHARLEY: They're talking, the - the Thals.
JESIC: (sotto) Remember.
MURGAT: Just muscle spasms.
CHARLEY: No, they're talking.
JESIC: (sotto) Explain the box, then.
CHARLEY: Arguing. Just listen, will you?
VALION: (sotto) There is no box.
JESIC: (sotto) It's right in front of you.
VALION: (sotto) No box.
DOCTOR: She's right, you know. I can just make out...
VALION: (sotto) I can see it now. The blue box.
JESIC: (sotto) Tardis. Tardis. Doctor of Tardis.
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
CHARLEY: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I realise now, what it is our friend Murgat wants with me, us.
MURGAT: You do?

THALEK-TAMARUS [OC]: Surrender to it, Comrade Valion. Open your eyes to the box. The Tardis.
JESIC: Four of them now. Comrade Commander.
TAMARUS: Multiple regressions. This is unprecedented.
JESIC: This is bad.
TAMARUS: Murgat. Paging Director Murgat, come in, please.

THALEK-JESIC: He sees it.
THALEK-VALION: The blue box?
THALEK-JESIC: Yes.
THALEK-VALION: The Tardis?
THALEKS: Yes. Yes. Tardis. Tardis.

TAMARUS [OC]: Murgat, what do we do? Are you listening? Murgat!
MURGAT: Just increase the flow of kypopite pollen, Tamarus, and please remain calm. (beep) Doctor,

you were saying?

DOCTOR: A test, Murgat. That's why you left your pet Daleks in there with my Tardis. All a test.

MURGAT: Yes.

CHARLEY: I don't understand.

DOCTOR: But it's failed, hasn't it, your great experiment?

MURGAT: You think?

DOCTOR: Mmm. My Tardis. My blue box. That was all it took to shatter the illusion. One sniff of their mortal enemy, their eternal nemesis, me, and here they are, reverted to their heartless Dalek selves.

CHARLEY: I'm not so sure. Listen.

VALION: (sotto) Tardis. Listen to yourselves.

VALION: You'll be believing in fairies and Mutos and humans next.

TAMARUS: Humans?

VALION: Humans, from the lost planet, Earth.

SEPTAL: Humans.

VALION: Come on, pull yourselves together.

TAMARUS: It's this planet. The jungle. It does things to you.

VALION: Plays tricks with your mind.

JESIC: But the box.

TAMARUS: What box?

JESIC: The blue box. Here, right here in front of you.

VALION: There's no box, Jesic.

JESIC: (sotto) No box.

MURGAT: See? A small increase in pollen count and even the most deep-seated hatreds can be overcome. It works, Doctor. My process works.

DOCTOR: Well. Well, it won't last. You can keep a crocodile in your bathtub, Murgat, but you'll never make it tame.

MURGAT: Oh, I can go further still, because you're going to help me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I don't think so.

MURGAT: They need a leader, a tactician. Someone with unparalleled experience versus the Daleks.

DOCTOR: Oh no.

MURGAT: You, Doctor, you shall command them, travel with them into the heart of the Dalek empire.

DOCTOR: Wh...?

MURGAT: And destroy it from within.

DOCTOR: But that would mean...

MURGAT: Joining them in the kyropite dream. Join them, and lead them.

DOCTOR: Dream on.

MURGAT: Valion, Septal, Nyaiad, to the hydroponics section, please.

VALION [OC]: Comrade Director.

MURGAT: There's no escape, Doctor. You'll do as I say if my cloned comrades have to hold you down while I inject the kyropite toxin into your brain.

CHARLEY: Well, that doesn't sound very comradely to me.

DOCTOR: It certainly doesn't.

CHARLEY: Still, what do you expect from a bolshie.

MURGAT: Bolshie?

DOCTOR: Miss Pollard, this is all beside the point.

CHARLEY: Well, I tried to say something earlier but I was rudely interrupted. These Thals - they're all comrade this and brother that.

DOCTOR: Well. Well, that is odd, I admit.

CHARLEY: I know his sort. Up the workers, up the revolution. And all of you who don't quite fit the plan, line up against the wall.

MURGAT: Quiet, girl.

CHARLEY: My father knew a Captain Schlovsky in Brompton. He told me all about it.

DOCTOR: Charlotte, you don't judge an idea by its misinterpretations. But she has got a point, though, Murgat. These aren't everyday Thal phrases.

MURGAT: There is more to history than the children's fables lapped up on New Davius. There are other books, books whose truth transcends the bounds of Time and Space.

DOCTOR: What, Das Kapital?

MURGAT: Among others.

DOCTOR: Oh. Well, I'll be sure to tell Karl Heinrich. He'll be delighted. Mind you, I daresay it's lost something in translation.

MURGAT: The Daleks stand on the right, stand for exploitation and conquest. The only way to defeat them is to stand with the heroes of the left.

DOCTOR: Murgat, your enemy's enemy isn't automatically your friend. Does Thal High Command even know what you're doing here?

MURGAT: I have been somewhat neglected, Doctor, out here, beyond Antares.

DOCTOR: With only replicants for company, yes. How long's it been, exactly?

MURGAT: Long enough.

DOCTOR: Does it get lonely at all?

NYAIAD: (sotto) The box.

CHARLEY: They're starting again.

DOCTOR: Who? Ah.

NYAIAD: (sotto) The box. The blue box.

CHARLEY: It's getting agitated. Well, this one is at least.

NYAIAD: The man, and the girl.

VALION: (sotto) Charlotte.

DOCTOR: What did I tell you, Murgat?

MURGAT: Their memories must be exceptionally strong.

NYAIAD: (sotto) Yes, Charlotte Pollard.

TAMARUS: The girl, Charlotte Pollard, just here.

NYAIAD: No, not here.

VALION: I've had enough of this.

NYAIAD: In Folkestone.

VALION: Folkestone?

DOCTOR: Folkestone?

CHARLEY: Er...

MURGAT: They're remembering. The Daleks. Something from their past life, something in this Folkestone.

THALEK-NYAIAD: Charlotte Pollard, in Folkestone, on the planet Earth.

THALEK-VALION: Earth?

THALEK-NYAIAD: Yes. Charlotte Pollard.

NYAIAD: (sotto) Pollard.

VALION: (sotto) Charlotte.

NYAIAD: (sotto) Charlotte Pollard.

VALION: (sotto) Charlotte Pollard.

DOCTOR: It's not me they're remembering.

MURGAT: No. No, it's not.

CHARLEY: But they - they can't be.

DOCTOR: Charlotte, it's you.

CHARLEY: No. Really. No.

MURGAT: Fascinating.

DOCTOR: They're remembering you.

CHARLEY: Oh well, this is absurd.

DOCTOR: You with the Daleks in Folkestone, Earth. Well?

CHARLEY: Oh. What's the use. Doctor, there's something I've been meaning to tell you Something bad, and... And it's this.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: We are waiting.

CHARLEY: I... I'll just come straight out with it. That's best. Doctor, I was... Well, I mean, I am...

DOCTOR: Yes?

CHARLEY: But... well, hold on. What happened to the fans?

DOCTOR: Fans?

MURGAT: The fans!

DOCTOR: Extractor fans?

CHARLEY: They've stopped. The kyropite pollen.

DOCTOR: Cover your nose with your sleeve, quickly.

MURGAT: Help me, Charlotte. Re-seal my casing. Charlotte, please.

CHARLEY: What's it worth?

DOCTOR: We have to get out of here, now.

CHARLEY [OC]: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, but we don't have time for games.

CHARLEY [OC]: Who's playing?

MURGAT: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Later. Just get us out of here.

MURGAT: Follow.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Folkestone.

THALEK-JESIC: What is Folkestone?

THALEK-VALION: Answer. Answer.

JESIC: Pollen levels are dropping in there, Commander.

TAMARUS: Show me.

DOCTOR: Come on, Charlotte, run!

CHARLEY [OC]: Wait for me!

DOCTOR: Gotcha.

MURGAT: Section sealed.

CHARLEY: Can I breathe now?

DOCTOR: Of course, yes.

MURGAT: Valion, to the hydroponics section, now.

DOCTOR: All right now?

CHARLEY: Well, I'm not seeing tap-dancing hippopotami.

DOCTOR: What, you dream about tap-dancing hippopotami?

CHARLEY: Oh, no more than anyone else.

DOCTOR: I see.

CHARLEY: I suppose your good friend Sigmund Freud would have lots to say about that.

DOCTOR: I've never met Sigmund Freud.

CHARLEY: Oh, you fibber.

DOCTOR: No, really, I haven't.

CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, right.

VALION: Director?

MURGAT: Valion, the filtration system has failed.

VALION: I'll get right onto it.

MURGAT: No, no, no, let the others deal with it. I want you to restrain Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY: Whatever for? Ow!

DOCTOR: That's not necessary, Murgat.

MURGAT: I don't think you know your friend Miss Pollard as well as you think you do, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Well, that may or may not be the case, but there's no call for this.

CHARLEY: Oh, I can't be doing with the rough stuff. Let go and I'll come peaceably.

VALION: Director?

MURGAT: Let her go.

CHARLEY: Oh! Thank you. Clones. There's one born every minute!

DOCTOR: Charlotte, no!
NYAIAD: Stop!
CHARLEY: No!
(Weapon fired.)
DOCTOR: Charlotte.
NYAIAD: Get up!
CHARLEY: Oh, you've singed my hair, you... Hang on. Aren't you dead?
NYAIAD: Get up.
CHARLEY: Oh. I'm getting really fed up with this.
DOCTOR: I rather think our replicant friend has been reconstituted.
MURGAT: Nyaiad, well anticipated. Pass her over to Comrade Valion. I want you in the plant room.
VALION: The filtration system has failed.
NYAIAD: I know.
MURGAT: Then go there at once.
NYAIAD: I know, because I shut it down.
DOCTOR: You did what?
VALION: But... it'll take hours to get back online.
NYAIAD: Do not move, Comrade Valion.
MURGAT: Nyaiad, is something the matter?
NYAIAD: Blue box. There is a blue box in the experiment.
DOCTOR: Nyaiad. Interesting, isn't it, how everything revolves around *you*?
MURGAT: She's a Comrade Lieutenant, she's nothing.
CHARLEY: No, no, no. You died.
MURGAT: We've established that.
CHARLEY: No, you don't understand. She died, I mean, on Spiridon.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Nyaiad died in a Dalek ambush. The Dalek files were very clear on that point. It traumatised them terribly.
CHARLEY: But if she died on Spiridon...
MURGAT: Tamarus. Tamarus. Come in, please.
DOCTOR: Then who, I wonder, are you?
NYAIAD: Get back.
VALION: Nyaiad?

NYAIAD [memory]: It's too late. But I'll take one with me.

NYAIAD: Do not move.
VALION: It's a replicant, I tell you, A Dalek replicant.
CHARLEY: Do you mean...?
DOCTOR: Nyaiad was a replicant from the start, a Dalek replicant. It self-replicated.
MURGAT: No, it is not possible.
DOCTOR: But if it were? Murgat, you have to shut down this experiment, this whole facility.
MURGAT: No.
DOCTOR: Shut it down!
VALION: Is it true? Nyaiad?
NYAIAD: I said... (weapon fires)
VALION: Nyaiad? Ah!
(Thud.)
DOCTOR: What did you do that for?
CHARLEY: You've killed him. Oh that's right, Murgat, run away. I mean, hover off, or whatever it is that thing does.
NYAIAD: You're coming with me, Charlotte Pollard.
DOCTOR: I don't think so.
NYAIAD: You too, Doctor of Tardis.

TAMARUS: Brr. Valion? Are you all right?
VALION: I felt something walk over my bones.

NYAIAD: You are cold.

VALION: It's nothing, Nyaiad. Commander? we have to go on, Commander. It'll be light soon. We're too exposed here.

TAMARUS: No, Valion. There is something wrong. Folkestone, remember?

VALION: Folkestone. I do not care about this Folkestone. There is only the jungle. The invisible creatures, the enemy watching?

NYAIAD: But it is cold.

VALION: Yes.

NYAIAD: There is something wrong.

VALION: Nyaiad. Not you too.

DOCTOR: Nyaiad, listen to me. There's something wrong here.

CHARLEY: You're telling me.

DOCTOR: Please. You may not be who you think you are.

CHARLEY: I know exactly who I am, thank you very much.

DOCTOR: Not you.

NYAIAD: Quiet. Can't you hear them?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Hear what?

CHARLEY: Now she's hearing voices.

DOCTOR: Nyaiad?

NYAIAD: I do not remember Folkestone, but there is something wrong.

VALION: There is only the jungle.

NYAIAD: No. This place is cold. Cold and empty.

NYAIAD: Empty and hollow. Yes.

VALION: Empty and hollow.

VALION: No!

NYAIAD: Can't you feel it?

NYAIAD: Valion?

CHARLEY: Now she has an attack of conscience.

NYAIAD: It is nothing.

DOCTOR: An attack of consciousness maybe. If I didn't know better, I'd say she was finishing off someone else's conversation.

NYAIAD: In.

CHARLEY: You do remember what happened the last time you met our Dalek chums?

NYAIAD: In.

CHARLEY: Someone's in a hurry to die again.

DOCTOR: Nyaiad, listen to me. You're trapped in a consciousness loop. You don't know where the real you ends and your proxies begin.

NYAIAD: I didn't know, before. But then... (memory of Dalek weapons) There is a word. What is the word?

CHARLEY: The word?

DOCTOR: The Dalek weapon's energy kick-started your secret identity as a Dalek replicant, programmed to infiltrate the platoon.

NYAIAD: No. You are the Doctor. I have standing instructions to capture you and take you to my masters.

CHARLEY: They killed you once before. What makes you think they won't do the same again?

NYAIAD: This is who I am.

DOCTOR: Is it? What happened to the real Nyaiad, I wonder? Did they capture her, alone in the jungle, interrogate her in their underground citadel? Subject her to cruel torments when she refused to comply?

DALEK [memory]: Remain still, or the pain will increase further.

NYAIAD [memory]: Please. Please, I've nothing else to tell you. (screams)

DALEKS [memory]: Tell us! Tell us! Tell us!

DOCTOR: Does that ring a bell at all?

NYAIAD: It means... nothing.

DOCTOR: Because if it did it raises the question, are you a Dalek replicant first, or are you the last repository of the consciousness of brave Thal Lieutenant Nyaiad, tortured and murdered by the Daleks, her memories cut and pasted into a crude cloned body.

NYAIAD: This means nothing to me.

CHARLEY: What do you need the gas mask for?

NYAIAD [OC]: There may be pockets of kyropite pollen remaining in the cavern.

CHARLEY: Oh, well don't we get one?

NYAIAD [OC]: No. Now, move.

CHARLEY: All right.

(Door opens.)

CHARLEY: It's dark in here, I can't see where I'm...

DOCTOR: That'll bring the Thal Daleks running.

CHARLEY: So to speak.

DOCTOR: Look, it's time to decide, Nyaiad, who are you? To whom do your loyalties lie?

NYAIAD [OC]: To my comrades, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Which means?

CHARLEY: Er, Doctor?

THALEK-SEPTAL: Do not move.

NYAIAD: My brothers, I salute you.

THALEK-JESIC: Who are you?

THALEK-TAMARUS: What is this place?

THALEK-VALION: What are we doing here? Answer.

THALEKS: Answer. Answer. Answer.

CHARLEY: Doctor, now's our chance again.

DOCTOR: Running away never solved anything, Charlotte.

CHARLEY: Yes, enough of the compassionate hero bit. Right now I'm more concerned with saving our skins.

NYAIAD: Please, lower your weapons. I mean you no harm.

DOCTOR: Not an attitude that does you great credit, Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: Yes, well, even if this lot manage not to revert to type and fry us in our own fats...

DOCTOR: Oh, what a delightful image.

CHARLEY: What exactly do you imagine Murgat's up to right now?

DOCTOR: Mmm?

CHARLEY: Sitting with a pot of tea and a plate of macaroons while his mortal enemies regain cognisance and wreck his great experiment?

DOCTOR: Well, no.

MURGAT: Jesic, Septal, lock the experiment bulkhead. No one is coming out of there until I say so.

JESIC: Director.

MURGAT: Then return to the monitor area. Well, get on with it. Mask in place, Tamarus?

TAMARUS: Director.

MURGAT: You know what to do.

TAMARUS: I do. (sotto) But I don't have to like it.

(Door opens.)

TAMARUS: Director, I'll need the lights on.

MURGAT: Night cycle, I'm afraid. Can't do anything about it.

TAMARUS: What about the Atelidae? Won't they attack?

MURGAT: Just growl in their faces. Let me know when it's done.

TAMARUS: Growl. Right.

CHARLEY: Doctor, this is bizarre.

THALEK-TAMARUS: I am Tamarus.

THALEK-VALION: I am Valion.

THALEKS: We are Thals. We are Thals. We are Thals.

NYAIAD: Oh my brothers, you have been cruelly deceived, but I have come to free you from this prison.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, I'm not having this. Don't listen to her, comrades, I implore you.

NYAIAD: I bring you your mortal enemy. I bring you the Doctor. Doctor of Tardis.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Er, yes, I am the Doctor of Tardis, but I'm not your enemy.

CHARLEY: Well, when he says he's not *your* enemy, what he means is...

DOCTOR: Charlotte, not now.

THALEK-VALION: Doctor of Tardis?

MURGAT [OC]: Have you found our Thal dreamers yet? Tamarus?

TAMARUS: They're here. I don't think the Atelidae have seen me, yet.

MURGAT [OC]: And Nyaiad?

TAMARUS: She's, she's here.

MURGAT [OC]: You'll have to remove the neural relays from her brain.

TAMARUS: She'll die, won't she? Murgat?

MURGAT: And the replicant slaved to her consciousness will collapse.

TAMARUS [OC]: But she'll die.

MURGAT: According to the Doctor, she died long ago. Just do it, Tamarus.

TAMARUS [OC]: I've found the brain jacks. Do I just...?

MURGAT: Pull them out, yes.

TAMARUS [OC]: Yes, right. I'm so sorry.

MURGAT [OC]: Tamarus?

TAMARUS: She's got my wrist.

MURGAT [OC]: It's just a reflex action.

TAMARUS: Oh no!

MURGAT [OC]: What is it?

TAMARUS: Get back.

MURGAT [OC]: Tamarus?

TAMARUS: The Atelidae. They're all around me. They know what I'm going to do.

MURGAT [OC]: That's not possible.

(A roar.)

TAMARUS: Grr yourself. Done it, I think.

MURGAT [OC]: Good.

TAMARUS: No! No!

MURGAT: Commander? Commander! Record mode. Observation. Atelidae not only protect kyropite, but those infected by kyropite. Further investigation into kyropite-atelid communication required.

THALEK-VALION: Doctor of Tardis?

DOCTOR: Well, yes. I've been a friend to your people in the past.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Dyoni.

THALEK-JESIC: Commander?

THALEK-TAMARUS: Like something walked over my grave.

CHARLEY: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Trust me. I rather think they're more Thal than Dalek.

CHARLEY: Thalek?

DOCTOR: Oh, please.

THALEK-VALION: You. You say you are Doctor of Tardis?

DOCTOR: I do.

VALION [memory]: You'll be asking us to believe in fairies and Mutos and Doctor of Tardis next.

THALEK-VALION: But there is no Doctor of Tardis.

THALEK-TAMARUS: No Doctor of Tardis? Are you sure, Valion?
THALEK-VALION: It is a story for children. Like the lost planet Earth.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Yes.
THALEK-JESIC: A story for children.
THALEK-VALION: Doctor of Tardis.
NYAIAD: No. No, it is him. It is Doctor of Tardis with his blue box.
DOCTOR: All right, all right, you've got me. I mean, ha! I mean, Doctor of Tardis? Imagine.
NYAIAD: Don't listen to him.
THALEK-SEPTAL: You, come closer, into the light.
NYAIAD]: Me?
THALEK-VALION: Remove the mask.
CHARLEY: I'm not sure that's wise.
NYAIAD: Yes. Yes, I shall.
DOCTOR: Brother Thals, I have to warn you, not everything here is as it seems.
NYAIAD: Well? Do you recognise me now?
THALEK-TAMARUS: But - this is...
CHARLEY: Oh, we're for it now.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Nyaiad?
THALEK-NYAIAD: This cannot be.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Nyaiad, it is you.
THALEK-NYAIAD: No, no, it is a replicant.
CHARLEY: For heaven's sake, they're both replicants.
DOCTOR: Charley, no!
THALEK-NYAIAD: No, no, I am Comrade Lieutenant Nyaiad.
THALEK-VALION: They say a twin couldn't tell if his brother had been replicated.
THALEK-NYAIAD: It is lying. A lying replicant.
NYAIAD: You don't understand. Can't you see? Can't you see what you are?
THALEK-NYAIAD: I must destroy it. Destroy the replicant.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Nyaiad, no!
NYAIAD: Look. Look in the ice sheet. See your own reflections.
THALEK-TAMARUS: We see only Thals.
THALEKS: We are Thals. We are Thals. We are Thals.
DOCTOR: Nyaiad, the conditioning's too strong. You'll never break it.
NYAIAD: No!
THALEK-NYAIAD: You, you are a Dalek replicant. I must destroy you.
THALEK-VALION: Nyaiad, no. We are Thals. We do not destroy.
THALEK-NYAIAD: I must.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Nyaiad, lower your weapon.
THALEK-NYAIAD: I must.
THALEK-TAMARUS: It is not the Thal way.
THALEK-VALION: Only a Dalek would think it was.
THALEK-NYAIAD: I must destroy the replicant.
NYAIAD: Listen to me, please.
THALEK-NYAIAD: Destroy.
DOCTOR: No!
(Dalek guns.)
THALEK-VALION: The replicant has been eliminated.
NYAIAD: No, no!
CHARLEY: Oh, now, this has got to stop.
DOCTOR: I quite agree.
THALEK-JESIC: Why are you crying? Nyaiad?
THALEK-VALION: The replicant sought to destroy you. It is not the Thal way. Therefore, it revealed itself.
THALEK-JESIC: Welcome back, Comrade Nyaiad.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Back to our brotherhood.
NYAIAD: (crying) No, no, no.
CHARLEY: Help her Doctor, whatever she is.

DOCTOR: She *is* Nyaiad. Yes. Or the last remaining remnant of poor Comrade Lieutenant Nyaiad.

THALEK-VALION: Nyaiad, come with us. You have suffered terribly.

THALEK-JESIC: The Daleks captured you, tortured you. Do you remember?

NYAIAD: Tortured me?

DALEKS [memory]: Tell us! Tell us! Tell us!

NYAIAD: Tortured me? Yes.

THALEK-JESIC: But you escaped.

NYAIAD: I must have, yes.

THALEK-JESIC: Escaped to warn us about the replicant in our midst.

THALEK-SEPTAL: Brave soldier. You'll get a medal for this.

CHARLEY: They're handing out medals now, Doctor. Isn't this usually time to leave?

DOCTOR: Leave?

CHARLEY: Well, I know it's not ideal, but the Thaleks are stable now.

DOCTOR: Thaleks? Honestly.

CHARLEY: Well, the point is, if you hang around much longer with your blue box, well, the last thing we want is to reawaken their memories of you again.

DOCTOR: Or of you, Charlotte Pollard. Of Folkestone?

CHARLEY: Oh. Uh-oh.

DOCTOR: I suppose I do still have contacts on New Davius, ones to whom I'm not a myth. A word in the right ear and I could get Murgat's unethical experiment shut down for good.

CHARLEY: Just come on, will you?

DOCTOR: And leave these poor souls to their shared delusion?

CHARLEY: Well, I don't know if there's anything else we *can* do.

DOCTOR: Well, sadly, Charlotte, I think you're right.

NYAIAD: Nothing else to tell you.

JESIC: It's all right, Nyaiad. Not much further, then we'll be going home.

VALION: Mission accomplished. The Daleks' presence on Spiridon confirmed, and all thanks to you, brave Nyaiad.

TAMARUS: Have you found it, Septal?

SEPTAL: It's here. The rendezvous site, exactly where it's supposed to be.

JESIC: And not a moment to spare.

VALION: See? We're going home, Nyaiad.

NYAIAD: Yes. Home.

TAMARUS: It's time. Septal?

SEPTAL: Setting flares now.

NYAIAD: (robotic) Mission accomplished.

VALION: Nyaiad?

NYAIAD: (robotic) Confirm transmission. Mission accomplished. One Dalek unit destroyed.

JESIC: Is she all right?

VALION: I don't know.

NYAIAD: (robotic) Experimental cycle concluded. Containment squad now entering.

JESIC: What's she saying?

SEPTAL: It's like she's hear... hearing something. Something we can't.

THALEK-SEPTAL: Something beyond our hearing.

JESIC: Director Murgat, you should listen to this.

MURGAT: I don't care about the experimental subjects right now. What about the Doctor?

SEPTAL: He's still there, isn't he?

MURGAT: Have they killed him or not?

JESIC: They've stabilised into their Thal identities.

SEPTAL: Even though pollen levels are negligible. I don't see how...

MURGAT: Then, Comrades, my experiment is a success. A brilliant success!

JESIC: Congratulations, Comrade Director.

MURGAT: I'll take over from here. I've a job for you both in hydroponics.

SEPTAL: I don't understand, Comrade Director. The Thal-Daleks, they're still experiencing something strange.

THALEK-SEPTAL [OC]: Nyaiad? Talk to me. Nyaiad?

CHARLEY: Ah, here she is, the good old Tardis.

DOCTOR: Yes. Well, I can't say I won't be glad to rid meself of this rather heavy moose-skin.

CHARLEY: Just as well.

DOCTOR: Oh? Why? I'd say it strikes something of an heroic silhouette myself.

CHARLEY: That's as maybe, but it positively pongs.

DOCTOR: Pongs?

CHARLEY: You know, of moose? Phew.

(Tardis door opened.)

DOCTOR: Oh. In you go, Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: Thank you.

DOCTOR: And farewell, Thaleks.

CHARLEY: You're not wishing them well?

DOCTOR: The Thals and the Daleks are descended from the same species. Would it be so very bad if the Thals regained some of the Daleks' ingenuity and instinct for survival, and the Daleks, some of the Thals' comradeship and fellow-feeling?

CHARLEY: I suppose. Come on.

DOCTOR: Bonne chance, brother Thaleks.

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Well. Oh, there. Well, that's a weight off me shoulders for sure.

CHARLEY [OC]: Just as long as you don't leave it stinking out the control room.

(Boom!)

DOCTOR: Shush! Did you hear something just now?

CHARLEY: Tropical storm?

DOCTOR: Oh, in an ice cavern?

CHARLEY: Glacial movement, then.

DOCTOR: The hairs on the back of my hands are standing on end, and that means only one thing. Static.

(Tardis door opens.)

CHARLEY: Static?

DOCTOR: Static electricity, in the air. The air. Above.

CHARLEY: Doctor, was there a mile-wide crack in the ceiling before?

DOCTOR: Definitely not.

CHARLEY: And what was that?

DOCTOR: Good grief!

SEPTAL: Up there. Commander! Ten degrees off the meridian.

TAMARUS: It's the orbiter. Jesic, Valion, hurry.

JESIC: Come on, Nyaiad, nearly there.

NYAIAD: (robotic) Survey pod descending. Contain experimental facilities. Seek, locate and apprehend experimental subjects.

JESIC: Nyaiad, what are you talking about?

VALION: Great Temmosus, that's not the orbiter.

TAMARUS: It's here. We made it.

VALION: Commander, take cover. It's not the orbiter.

TAMARUS: What?

VALION: It's not even the sky.

JESIC: What?

VALION: It's not the orbiter, Jesic, we're not in the jungle.

NYAIAD: (robotic) Seek, locate and apprehend experimental subjects.

VALION: She knows. She can hear... them.

NYAIAD: (robotic) Containment squad assembled.
JESIC: Them?
VALION: They're coming, Jesic. They're coming!

DOCTOR: Of course, how could I not have realised?
CHARLEY: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Not good. Stay here, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: No chance.
DOCTOR: Stay in the Tardis and that's an order!
CHARLEY: Doctor...
DOCTOR: It's a Dalek ship.

THALEK-SEPTAL: A Dalek vessel?
THALEK-JESIC: Daleks?
THALEK-NYAIAD: Daleks?
SEPTAL: I don't understand. Director?
JESIC: What does it mean?
MURGAT: I don't know.
JESIC: Murgat?
MURGAT: Emergency message to Thal High Command. This is Director Murgat of the YT45 experimental facility. We have been infiltrated by the enemy. Repeat. We have been infiltrated by the enemy. (static) Come in, please.
DALEK [OC]: Director Murgat.
JESIC: But that's...
DALEK [OC]: You have been infiltrated. You have always been infiltrated.

DALEK: Remain where you are.
MURGAT [OC]: I don't understand. This is Thal High Command. It must...
DALEK: Report.
DALEK 2: Touchdown imminent.
DALEK 3: Containment squad assembled.
DALEK 4: Gas jets primed.
DALEK: Release the gas. Subjugate the experimental subjects.

SEPTAL: (coughing) There's gas!
TAMARUS: Into the trees. Get moving.
VALION: Can't you see? There are no trees.
JESIC: No trees?
TAMARUS: Close gas jets. Prepare for touchdown.

DALEK 2: Touchdown achieved.
DALEK: Containment squad will disembark.
DALEKS: We obey.

DOCTOR: Tamarus. Commander Tamarus.
THALEK-TAMARUS: I... I...
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, remember? Doctor of Tardis? The gas isn't meant for me.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Doctor?
DOCTOR: You've got to get your platoon away from here. There's a safe place not far away. A doorway into an experimental facility. I know it sounds incredible.
THALEK-TAMARUS: This cannot be. I... I... I...
DOCTOR: Oh, no use. Valion? It is Valion?
THALEK-VALION: My vision is unimpaired. I can see.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Listen to me, please.
THALEK-VALION: I see that... I am a Dalek.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Daleks.

THALEKS: We are all Daleks.
THALEK-SEPTAL: We have always been Daleks.
DOCTOR: No. Get it into your thick skull. You're better than Daleks.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Destroy us, Doctor of Tardis. Please.
DOCTOR: Oh, your thick dome, obviously. Oh...
NYAIAD: Do not move.
DOCTOR: Oh, it's you. Didn't last long, did it, your membership of the Thal brotherhood?
NYAIAD: You are my prisoner.
DOCTOR: Ah. And I suppose those will be my jailers.
DALEK 1: Alert. Alert. Life forms detected.
DALEK 2: Remain where you are.
NYAIAD: My masters, the Daleks.
DOCTOR: I should have realised. Huh. This *used* to be a Dalek facility? This has *always* been a Dalek facility, hasn't it?
NYAIAD: I... do not know.
DOCTOR: You don't know?
NYAIAD: My... memories are unclear. I am compelled to serve the Daleks.
DALEK 1: State your identity.
DOCTOR: Ah, there's a question.
NYAIAD: He is the Doctor, Doctor of Tardis.
DALEK 2: You, state your identity.
NYAIAD: I am Nyaiad.
DALEK 1: He is required for further investigation. She is a Thal replicant.
DALEK 2: Thal replicants no longer required. Destroy her.
DOCTOR: No! She can be very useful to you.
DALEK 2: How?
DOCTOR: Well, she's unique. A replicated replicant? She must be valuable.
DALEK 2: She has no value. Destroy her.
DALEK 1: Destroy the Thal.
DOCTOR: No!
(Dalek guns fire. Nyaiad screams, thud.)
DOCTOR: You'll never change, will you? You... Daleks.
DALEK 1: Why should we change?
DOCTOR: Everything in the universe changes. People learn, develop, even me, but not you. You've stagnated yourselves in evil. If it wasn't so terrifying it'd be pathetic.
BLACK: Doctor. Doctor of Tardis.
DOCTOR: Oh, hello. Weren't you expecting me?
DALEK 1: Do not approach the Black Dalek.
BLACK: Your capture was not anticipated.
DOCTOR: Oh, so I'm just the bonus ball, hmm? No wonder the Dalek Supreme didn't bother coming.
BLACK: The Thal Daleks' flare signalled the end of the experiment.
DOCTOR: We've been saying Thaleks. I must admit I'm getting used to it.
CHARLEY: You're wrong, Black Dalek.
DALEK 1: Alert, alert. Female humanoid approaching.
CHARLEY: The Doctor's capture was anticipated.
DOCTOR: Charlotte, I told you to stay in the Tardis!
BLACK: This is your companion?
CHARLEY: Charlotte Pollard, yes.
BLACK: She has no value. Destroy her.
CHARLEY: No. Destroy me and you incur the wrath of the Dalek Supreme.
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: You wanted to know my secret, Doctor? Well, here it is. I am a Dalek replicant.
DOCTOR: What?
BLACK: You?
DOCTOR: I don't know what game you think you're playing, Miss Pollard, but it's a very dangerous one.
CHARLEY: No game. Black Dalek, I bring you Doctor of Tardis.

DALEKS: Doctor. Doctor. Doctor of Tardis.
DOCTOR: No. No!
CHARLEY: Mission accomplished.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: It can't be true. Charlotte?
CHARLEY: I have nothing more to say to you.
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: Only to the Black Dalek.
BLACK: Take them for interrogation.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, of course.
CHARLEY: I will speak willingly.
BLACK: Take them.
DALEK 2: Into the survey pod.
DALEK 3: Move.
CHARLEY: I am moving.
BLACK: Bring me Murgat.
DALEK 2: Move. Move or you will die.
MURGAT: You shan't get what you want by force. Do you hear me?
BLACK: Resist, and you will be destroyed.
MURGAT: I am not resisting, I am remonstrating.
SEPTAL: Murgat, is it true?
JESIC: Have we been working for these creatures all along?
MURGAT: I... I cannot say.
JESIC: You don't know.
BLACK: Silence. The Thal replicants are no longer required. Destroy them.
DALEK 2 & DALEK 3: We obey.
SEPTAL: Please, no.
JESIC: Be strong, Septal. It will be a mercy.
MURGAT: No, Black Dalek, listen to me. These are more than replicants.
BLACK: Proceed with the execution.
MURGAT: No! They may still be of use as experimental subjects.
JESIC: Murgat?
MURGAT: I'm sorry, Jesic. The fact is, the experiments have revealed that the trauma of death and injury in the replicants can be experienced by the Thaleks. Thal-Daleks.
BLACK: The results of these experiments have been recorded. Proceed.
MURGAT: Like someone walked over their graves, they said.
DALEK 2 + DALEK 3: We obey.
MURGAT: You don't understand! I have proved that the Thal-Daleks can experience the replicants' pain. I suspect the obverse may also be true.
BLACK: You wish to injure the Thal-Daleks in order to cause the replicants pain?
MURGAT: Yes.
BLACK: To what end?
MURGAT: It is the logical next step of the experiment.
BLACK: Bring the Thal replicants.
DALEK 2 + DALEK 3: We obey.
JESIC: Brother Thaleks, help us.
SEPTAL: Comrade Valion, Comrade Commander Tamarus, please!
MURGAT: It's no use asking the Thaleks for help. Their minds are broken.

MURGAT [OC]: There's nothing left in their thick skulls to hear.
SEPTAL [OC]: Please, Murgat, have mercy.
MURGAT [OC]: You're still alive. That is the mercy.
BLACK [OC]: Murgat, you will return with us to the central laboratory.
MURGAT [OC]: Yes. I will need the Thalek units, of course.

BLACK [OC]: They will be transported later.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Did you hear, Valion? Did you hear?
THALEK-VALION: In my thick dome I heard, Commander.

DALEK 1: The prisoners are all accounted for.
BLACK: Launch the survey pod.
JESIC: Where are they taking us? Murgat.
MURGAT: I don't know.
BLACK: To the central laboratory.
CHARLEY: And where's that?
JESIC: Skaro, I expect.
SEPTAL: Oh no. No!
DOCTOR: I think you'll find, Miss Pollard, that what we've seen is but the smallest part of this facility.
BLACK: The Doctor is correct. Observe the screen.
MURGAT: There was more than one level to the facility?
BLACK: We are leaving facility Zeg-1 and entering facility Yarvell-6. Here an experiment to determine the resistance to external stress of Dalekanium alloys is in progress.
(Daleks screaming.)
CHARLEY: What are they doing?
DOCTOR: Melting their own kind in their casings.
CHARLEY: That's horrible.
DOCTOR: That's auto-vivisection. Daleks call it progress.
DALEK: These test subjects have been damaged in Thal-Dalek conflict. Here they continue to serve the Dalek cause.
SEPTAL: Hideous. It's hideous.
JESIC: And Ganatus knows how many levels like this.
DALEK: You, Charlotte Pollard. You claim to be a Dalek replicant, but you express sentimental feelings?
CHARLEY: I... Well, it's him, isn't it? Doctor of Tardis. Travelling with him, all the sentiment sort of rubs off on you.
MURGAT: I have shown that Dalek replicants are susceptible to this.
DOCTOR: The thing is, Black Dalek, your over-riding urge is to consider the needs of your species. You feel only irritation when a Dalek battle fleet is lost, but humans and Thals... they'd imagine a hundred thousand souls in agony.
BLACK: They would want revenge?
DOCTOR: That was it, wasn't it? That was the point of the experiment.
MURGAT: Doctor?
DOCTOR: You don't want Daleks who think they're Thal soldiers. You want Daleks who think *like* Thal soldiers.
MURGAT: I don't follow.
CHARLEY: It's like he said earlier. About the Daleks gaining some of the Thals' comradeship and fellow-feeling.
DOCTOR: Exactly. The experiment was designed to bottle the fighting spirit of comrades-in-arms.
JESIC: And use it as what? A patch? A spread?
DOCTOR: As anything that'd give the Daleks an advantage, however small, on the field of battle.
BLACK: This was the purpose of the experiment, yes.
MURGAT: But there would be no point in using coercion in such an experiment. It wouldn't work if the subjects believed their efforts were going towards giving their enemy an advantage.
DOCTOR: That's why they pooled you, Murgat. Would you even remember who you were before you were transferred to this facility?
BLACK: An experiment within an experiment. A triumph for Dalek ingenuity.
CHARLEY: It was your idea I suppose, Black Dalek.
BLACK: This was the stratagem.
DOCTOR: Flattery will get you nowhere, Charlotte Pollard.

DALEK 1: The Black Dalek has ordered these Thal-Daleks to be removed to the central laboratory.
DALEK 2: They are inert. Fetch the Magnetron.

THALEK-TAMARUS: We are not inert.
DALEK 2: Experimental subjects, you will come with us. Move.
THALEK-VALION: We are going nowhere.
DALEK 1: You will obey.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Our brothers need help, but you are not our brothers. Comrade Valion.
DALEK 1: Alert. Alert. Thal-Daleks showing signs of aggression.
THALEK-VALION: I heard you, Comrade Commander.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Destroy them.
(Dalek weapons, Daleks scream.)

DALEK: Enter the interrogation room.
CHARLEY: I've told you. I'm a replicant. I've no reason to lie.
DALEK: Interrogation will determine that fact. Place your hands on the sensors.
CHARLEY: This is a truth-detecting device, I take it?
DALEK: There are no records of Dalek replicants being sent to capture Doctor of Tardis.
DALEK 2: Therefore, you are not a replicant. Place your hands on the sensors.
CHARLEY: Look, I'm terribly sorry, this process won't work on me because... because I'm from the future. I'm more advanced than the crude clones of this century, whatever century this is.
DALEK: Elaborate.
CHARLEY: Well, in the year 500002, the Dalek Supreme decided to entrap Doctor of Tardis once and for all. If he could persuade the Doctor to adopt a human companion under Dalek control... well, that companion would have a unique insight into the Doctor's mind.
DALEK: Continue.
CHARLEY: And by spying on the Doctor, the Dalek Supreme hoped to identify and cure any and all psychological weaknesses...

CHARLEY [OC]: In the Dalek race itself, weaknesses exploited by the Doctor in defeating the Daleks over and over and over again.
DALEK [OC]: This is plausible.
CHARLEY [OC]: It is?... I mean, it is.
BLACK: Doctor, is it plausible?
DOCTOR: I had my suspicions regarding Miss Pollard. I certainly knew something wasn't right.
BLACK: Murgat, advise.
MURGAT: A replicant of such sophistication is beyond current Dalek technology, but in the future...
BLACK: There is an alternative explanation.
DOCTOR: Is there?
BLACK: Observe. The replicant Jesic is in the interrogation cube adjoining.
DALEK 1 [OC]: You will remember Charlotte Pollard. Remember.
JESIC: Charlotte Pollard, in Folkestone. Yes.

DALEK [memory]: Emergency. The prisoners are escaping. Emergency.

JESIC [OC]: Emergency. The prisoners are escaping. Emergency.
MURGAT: The replicant is remembering an encounter with Charlotte Pollard on the planet Earth in the past.
BLACK: This accords with our records of the Dalek invasion of the year...
DOCTOR: Don't tell me, please. I don't want to know.
BLACK: You do not remember?
DOCTOR: For me these things haven't happened yet.
BLACK: Not to you. To Charlotte Pollard.
MURGAT: Perhaps.
DOCTOR: But that would mean... No. Oh, surely not?
BLACK: Containment squad, bring the Thal-Dalek unit designated Jesic for interrogation.
DALEKS [OC]: We obey.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Murgat. Murgat.
MURGAT: (sotto) I can't help you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (sotto) They won't tolerate you for long, you do realise that?

MURGAT: (sotto) You think I'm some kind of reactionary?

DOCTOR: (sotto) Well, if the cap fits...

DALEK [OC]: Red Dalek containment squad reporting.

BLACK: Report.

DALEK [OC]: The Thal-Dalek units are missing.

BLACK: Missing?!

MURGAT: I... I will investigate.

DOCTOR: Go on, off you pop. Dalek lap-dog, traitor to your kind.

BLACK: Remove the Doctor.

DALEKS: We obey.

DOCTOR: And we were having so much fun.

BLACK: We will learn the truth, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, will you.

BLACK: And when we do, we will destroy you!

CHARLEY: Doctor!

DALEK: Move into the interrogation cell. Move.

DOCTOR: I'm moving, I'm moving.

DALEK: Remain here.

CHARLEY: Bye, then. Doctor, are you all right? I thought they might have done something terrible.

DOCTOR: Well, as you see, no.

CHARLEY: It's been days. At least, it feels like it.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CHARLEY: They know, don't they? About, you know, the replicant thing. I thought... I thought it was worth a try.

DOCTOR: Ah, yes.

CHARLEY: Are you sure you're all right?

DOCTOR: The Black Dalek has an idea, about you.

CHARLEY: Right.

DOCTOR: Well, I don't honestly believe it myself...

CHARLEY: Of course.

DOCTOR: Except I can't see why he'd be lying. Daleks are devious, yes, and quite capable of lying, if and when it suits them. But for the lives of me, I can't see why it would suit them to claim that you travelled with me in a future incarnation.

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: And that you've broken the First Law of Time by hitching a lift with me in my own past.

CHARLEY: Well, that's just... mad.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CHARLEY: Mad.

DOCTOR: Yes?

CHARLEY: They're going to kill us, aren't they?

DOCTOR: Very possibly.

CHARLEY: We met on an airship. The R101. You saved me when it crashed, and you really shouldn't have. It's all to do with the Web of Time. It's complicated.

DOCTOR: And this isn't? Huh.

CHARLEY: Maybe that's it. Maybe all this now is its revenge on me, on both of us. The thing is, it really happened. We went to wonderful places, met the most amazing people.

DOCTOR: I can imagine.

CHARLEY: I never wanted it to end. But then one day it did. In the year 500002, I saw you die.

DOCTOR: Go on.

CHARLEY: So when I heard the Tardis coming back to me I thought... thank God. Thank God you're safe. But it wasn't you, it was...

DOCTOR: It was me.

CHARLEY: And so that was that. The Web of Time broken again because of me.

DOCTOR: But you said nothing.

CHARLEY: I told you. I saw you die.

DOCTOR: The Time Lords could have addressed the problem. It's what they're for.

CHARLEY: The Time Lords? Oh, you really don't get it, do you? I saw you die. I was grieving.

DOCTOR: Grieving?

CHARLEY: You stupid man, don't you understand? I wanted you back more than anything. I wanted you back and... to have told you would have been to let you go. I wasn't ready for that. I'm still not. Well, say something. You've every right to be angry, furious in fact. You want to kill me, I expect.

DOCTOR: Kill? You?

CHARLEY: Not really. Oh, Doctor, I know.

DOCTOR: Kill you?

CHARLEY: It's just an expression, I...

DOCTOR: Kill you?

CHARLEY: Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Kill you?

CHARLEY [OC]: You wouldn't. Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Kill you. Kill you. Kill you.

THALEK-VALION: You will enter.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Enter.

THALEKS: Enter. Enter.

MURGAT: I heard you the first time. You summoned me, Black Dalek?

BLACK: Murgat, this Doctor-replicant's personality graft is failing. Explain.

MURGAT: Doctor-replicant?

CHARLEY [OC]: Doctor, this isn't you.

DOCTOR [OC]: Kill. Kill, kill.

CHARLEY [OC]: I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, please.

MURGAT: Oh, I see what you've done. Well, it happens with the crude Dalek technique. That's why my process is so effective. The kyropite latches onto the replicant personality, stabilises it, in order to feed on it.

BLACK: But the Dalek technique has served its purpose.

MURGAT: Which was...?

CHARLEY: No. This isn't you. It isn't even *you* you.

DOCTOR: Me, me?

CHARLEY: You aren't you.

CHARLEY [OC]: You *aren't* you, are you?

BLACK: The Doctor-replicant has forced Charlotte Pollard to reveal the truth. That she is the Doctor's associate from the future.

MURGAT: So...?

BLACK: If we destroy Charlotte Pollard now, we destroy the Doctor's future. He shall have a new associate to take her place. A replicant, under Dalek control. Through this replicant, we shall change not just the Doctor's future, but the future of the entire Dalek race.

MURGAT: Ambitious.

BLACK: And you, Murgat, shall create this associate. Dalek guard, form an execution party. Charlotte Pollard must be destroyed.

THALEKS: We...

BLACK: Assemble. Assemble.

THALEKS:... disobey.

BLACK: What is the meaning of this?

MURGAT: The missing Thaleks. I found them.

THALEK-TAMARUS: We found *him*.

MURGAT: And now they've come for their comrades, the comrades I persuaded you to save.

BLACK: Guards, protect me.

DALEKS: We disobey.

BLACK: You refuse? Explain.

THALEK-VALION: Join us, brother Dalek.
DALEKS: Join you? Yes.
BLACK: This is mutiny.
THALEK-TAMARUS: No. This is revolution.
THALEK-VALION: Destroy him, comrades. Destroy the decadent Black Dalek.
BLACK: But... Daleks do not mutiny.
MURGAT: They do with three parts kypopite pollen to five parts oxygen in the air-conditioning, Black Dalek.
BLACK: What?
THALEK-TAMARUS: Execute him.
(Dalek weapons. Gurgle of Black Dalek.)
THALEK-SEPTAL: Rise up, brother Daleks.
THALEK-JESIC: Unite and join us.
THALEK-TAMARUS: You have nothing to lose but your chains.
THALEKS: Rise up. Rise up. Rise up.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Rejoice, brother Murgat. Soon this world will be ours.
MURGAT: Yes, yes. But first we need to deal with the Doctor.
DOCTOR [OC]: No. Kill you, Charlotte Pollard. Kill.
CHARLEY [OC]: What have you done with him? Tell me. What have you done with the real Doctor? Real Doctor. Real Doctor. Real Doctor. Real Doctor. Real Doctor.

(Theme music.)

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

JESIC: it's sweltering.
DOCTOR: It's somewhere up the Congo, I'd say. Deepest Africa, or Darkest Peru.
JESIC: Darkest where?
DOCTOR: Close the door, Jesic. Don't want any of the local fauna sneaking in.
JESIC: Like what?
DOCTOR: Pythons, Atelidae, small spectacled bears - Oh!
JESIC: I know that sound. I know this jungle. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh, yuk!
JESIC: Oh no.
DOCTOR: I've been splotted, that's all, on the coat tails.
JESIC: Don't touch it!
DOCTOR: Oh, tush, it's only a dash of chartreuse. Is it me, or is it getting dark? It is. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?
JESIC: I'm thinking about a world in the 9th system of a far-off galaxy, a world that's tropical by day, sub-zero by night.
DOCTOR: A world carpeted by strange and deadly flora. And the name of the world is...
JESIC: Spiridon, yes.
DOCTOR: Where we first met, Jesic, all those years ago. When I was travelling with... oh, er... Oh. Remind me.
JESIC: Ah. Her, yes. Doctor?
DOCTOR: All gung-ho and horsey.
JESIC: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, the invisible natives. What worries me is where I'm going to find a decent dry-cleaners this side of Antares.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Stop.
DOCTOR: Daleks.
JESIC: I did try to tell you.
THALEK-TAMARUS: You are our...
DOCTOR: Prisoner, yes, that was my reading of the situation rather.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Not prisoner. Brother.
THALEK-VALION: You are our brother.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Welcome, comrades. Welcome to Spiridon.

DOCTOR: Comrades?
THALEK-TAMARUS: Yes.
JESIC: Are you sure about that?
THALEK-VALION: Yes.
JESIC: You don't want to kill us or anything?
THALEK-VALION: No. We want you to join us.
THALEK-SEPTAL: Join us. Join us.
DOCTOR: Jesic, meet the Daleks, advanced peace-loving denizens of Spiridon. Apparently.
JESIC: What's with the stars on their domes?
DOCTOR: If I didn't know better I'd say it was the Star of Lenin.
JESIC: Shh! All of you, shh!
DOCTOR: Jesic?
JESIC: We're being watched. Out you come. You, behind the sponge plants!
CHARLEY: (wearing a gas mask) All right, all right, you've got me.
JESIC: Doctor, an atelid.
CHARLEY: Human, thank you very much.
THALEK-TAMARUS: Humans are welcome too. Join us.
THALEKS: Join us. Join us. Join us. Join us. Join us.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. What's a human doing in the 9th Galaxy?
CHARLEY: Doctor, it's me.
DOCTOR: It might help if you removed the mask.
CHARLEY: Oh, for heaven's sake. Look, face. Does it remind you of anyone?
THALEK-TAMARUS: Brother?
CHARLEY: Anyone gung-ho and horsey at all?
DOCTOR: I...
CHARLEY: Come on, I can't keep the mask off all afternoon.
JESIC: Doctor, it's her.
DOCTOR: But it can't be.
JESIC: It is. Charlotte Pollard.
CHARLEY: At last.
DOCTOR: Charlotte Pollard?

CHARLEY [memory]: You wanted to know my secret, Doctor? Well, here it is.
DOCTOR: [memory] I don't know what game you think you're playing, Miss Pollard, but it's a very dangerous one.

CHARLEY: Yes, Charlotte Pollard. Anything else?
JESIC: Get back. She's a traitor. A replicant.
DOCTOR: Jesic?
JESIC: Don't you remember, Doctor? We were there. Somewhere cold and hollow.
DOCTOR: Yes. And she betrayed us, I know.
THALEK-VALION: Charlotte Pollard?
DOCTOR: But not everything is as it was, I think. You're right, Jesic. Kill her, my brothers. She's an enemy replicant. Kill her, before she betrays us again.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Just do it. Comrades, please.
THALEK-TAMARUS: No. We Daleks do not kill without reason.
DOCTOR: Oh yes you do. You can't get enough of it, killing without reason. What's the word?
THALEK-TAMARUS: The word?
DOCTOR: You know the one. The word. The word is...

DALEKS: The word. The word. What is the word? The word is... is...

THALEK-TAMARUS: The word?
DOCTOR: You'd know the word. If you were proper Daleks, that is.
CHARLEY: You're you again, aren't you? *You* you I mean.

JESIC: You who?

DOCTOR: I remember the Daleks of old, Commander, true Daleks, before all this brotherhood business. When I used to travel through Space and Time in my box. My blue box.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Blue box?

DOCTOR: Does that mean something to you?

THALEK-TAMARUS: We are the brotherhood of the Daleks. We believe in unity, solidarity and common ownership of the means of production.

DOCTOR: Your brotherhood is the fantasy of a man named Murgat. A man who read one book and thought he'd found the answer to universal peace. It doesn't work like that, I'm afraid.

CHARLEY: Doctor, you remember.

DOCTOR: Everything, I think.

JESIC: Don't let her get too near, Doctor.

CHARLEY: Jesic, I did say I was a Dalek replicant, yes.

DOCTOR: And I said you were playing a dangerous game, didn't I, Miss Pollard?

CHARLEY: To be fair, he did. Sorry.

DOCTOR: Yes. How long have we been here in this fantasy?

CHARLEY: I'm not sure. I've only just found out myself.

DOCTOR: You think you've tamed them, don't you, Murgat? Wherever you are, I know you're listening. But let me tell you something. A Dalek doesn't change its spots.

CHARLEY: Not that it has spots.

JESIC: Sensor globes.

CHARLEY: Exactly.

DOCTOR: Daleks, listen to me. I am the Doctor. Doctor of Tardis. I've confronted you on a thousand worlds. I've beaten you time and time again. I have destroyed entire legions of Daleks. Whole battle fleets, in fact, and I don't think it's too many.

CHARLEY: Doctor?

DOCTOR: I am your enemy.

THALEK-VALION: You are our brother.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Our comrade.

DOCTOR: Your nemesis. Remember me from Skaro? Remember me from Earth?

JESIC: From Folkestone.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Folkestone, yes.

DOCTOR: All coming back, is it?

THALEK-TAMARUS: He is not our brother. He is an enemy of our people.

DOCTOR: And will be always.

CHARLEY: Doctor, they're getting twitchy.

DOCTOR: Aren't they just.

THALEK-SEPTAL: Our enemy. Yes.

THALEK-VALION: Doctor of Tardis, our enemy.

DOCTOR: Your *mortal* enemy. There. Doesn't that make your monstrous hearts beat faster? Your *mortal* enemy, at your mercy, giving you a free shot.

THALEK-SEPTAL: Free shot?

DOCTOR: Oh, come on. Platoon, form a line.

THALEK-TAMARUS: Execution squad, assemble.

DOCTOR: Gun-sticks at the ready.

THALEK-VALION: Our mortal enemy.

THALEK-SEPTAL: The Doctor.

DOCTOR: Aim.

CHARLEY: Doctor, don't.

DOCTOR: Wait for it, wait for it. (sotto) Murgat will step in.

CHARLEY: (sotto) But what if he doesn't?

DOCTOR: (sotto) Because the brotherhood of the Daleks does not kill without reason, and the brotherhood of the Daleks means more to Murgat than my life. (normal) And fire!

THALEKS: Ex... ter... min... (voices slow and stop)

CHARLEY: That was close.

DOCTOR: Yeah, it was rather.

JESIC: The ice cavern. I don't understand. What's happened here?
DOCTOR: Charlotte, your department, I think.
CHARLEY: Murgat said one final test to see what they'd do when they met you again. The brotherhood. Only I wasn't supposed to help you out.
DOCTOR: Very well. Murgat?
MURGAT: Doctor, back with us.
DOCTOR: You finally did it, then, stabilised the Thaleks?
MURGAT: No. They came for me. They chose to live not as Thals nor as Daleks, but as children of the revolution.
DOCTOR: Chose? I doubt it. I expect their minds broke under the strain and when they did... well, all that was left for them was your...
CHARLEY: Bolshevik nonsense?
DOCTOR: I was going to say, cant.
MURGAT: They rescued me, Doctor, showed me another way.
DOCTOR: Oh, and what was that? A bloody purge of the Black Dalek and all his troops?
MURGAT: No. A revolution. Brother Septal, open the sky.
SEPTAL [OC]: I comply, Comrade Murgat.
DOCTOR: They'll never change, Murgat, I'm telling you.
MURGAT: They *have* changed. Listen.
THALEKS: ♪ It gives the hope of peace at last.
JESIC: Is that singing?
CHARLEY: Oh, it's singing all right.
THALEKS: ♪ The banner bright, the symbol plain, of Dalek race and Dalek gain. Then raise the Dalek standard high, within its shade we'll live and die. Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer...
MURGAT + THALEKS: ♪ The Dalek flag is flying here.
DOCTOR: I... don't know what to say.
CHARLEY: That's nothing. I've heard their version of the Internationale.
DOCTOR: And just how tame would your brotherhood be if they weren't strung out on kyropite pollen?
MURGAT: Ah.
DOCTOR: I take it that's how you've done this. Flooded the atmosphere with your favourite psychotropic?
MURGAT: It is necessary. The Red Dalek helps keep them in line.
JESIC: Red Dalek?
CHARLEY: Oh yes.
MURGAT: It's a dream worth having. If I can just wean them off the pollen by degrees...
DOCTOR: You can't lie to them forever, Murgat. Sooner or later they'll revert to type like they did with me just now.
MURGAT: That was your fault, Doctor. Provoking them, prodding them, making them remember the things they would rather forget.
DOCTOR: The things *you* would rather forget. And when they find out they've been deceived - well...
CHARLEY: Quite.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't like to be in your shoes, Comrade.
MURGAT: One day maybe their philosophy will be sufficiently advanced to let them know about where they came from, and then, let them into the universe to spread comradeship and brotherhood throughout the cosmos.
CHARLEY: That seems fair, doesn't it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Charlotte. You can take the Dalek out of the death camp, but you can't take the death camp out of the Dalek.
MURGAT: I wish you would see things differently, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I can't permit a new Dalek civilisation to gestate in secret on the fringes of a galaxy as densely populated as Antares. You must realise that. Oh, I accept you have the very best of intentions.
MURGAT: Thank you.
DOCTOR: But I've fought the Daleks for too long, Murgat. Ultimately they'll never change. They can't. I will destroy them.
MURGAT: Have faith, Doctor. Trust me.
DOCTOR: Would you do it, Murgat? If they reverted, mm? Wipe out your Dalek brotherhood the very moment it began to fall apart?

MURGAT: There is a plan. Should the pollen cease to work, the facility's anti-matter reactors are booby-trapped. All I have to do is say the word, and...

CHARLEY: Boom?

MURGAT: The whole planetoid will be crushed to a singularity.

DOCTOR: But would you do it, Murgat? Destroy your life's work? Destroy your faith?

JESIC: I would, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Jesic?

JESIC: Without a moment's hesitation.

MURGAT: You?

JESIC: I'm offering to stay. To say the word if needs be.

DOCTOR: I was going to take you in my Tardis. Maybe take the scenic route back to New Davius? Show you something of the universe.

CHARLEY: You were?

JESIC: I'm tempted, Doctor. Really, I am. But if there's the slightest chance that Murgat could succeed...

DOCTOR: There isn't.

JESIC: Then the war that has scarred me and countless others would be over, forever. He's right, Doctor. A dream it may be, but it's a dream worth having.

CHARLEY: Doctor?

MURGAT: Well?

DOCTOR: Ah. Jesic? A word in your ear, please.

JESIC: A word?

DOCTOR: *The* word. The word is...

DALEKS: The word. The word. What is the word? The word is...

JESIC: I... understand, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good. Well, goodbye, Jesic. You've made the wrong choice, but you've saved me from doing something terrible. I appreciate that.

JESIC: Thank you.

DOCTOR: Murgat?

MURGAT: Farewell, Doctor. I'm sorry you don't appreciate the possibility of change.

DOCTOR: I do, except in the case of the Daleks. Yours is an impossible dream, Murgat, but I wish you well.

MURGAT: I look forward to proving you wrong, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Que sera sera.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Come on, Charlotte.

CHARLEY: Oh, we're off, are we?

MURGAT: Goodbye, Charlotte Pollard.

CHARLEY: Good luck, both of you.

DOCTOR: Charlotte?

CHARLEY: Yes, yes, I'm coming.

DOCTOR: No, no, there's one thing that doesn't quite...

CHARLEY: Quite what?

MURGAT: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Jesic's Dalek counterpart. It remembered you, Charlotte. From Folkestone, apparently. How?

CHARLEY: How?

DOCTOR: Yes.

CHARLEY: Well, it must have been mistaken.

DOCTOR: No, no, Daleks don't make mistakes like that. Any ideas, Jesic?

JESIC: I...

DOCTOR: Well?

MURGAT: Antares, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hmm?

MURGAT: You said you'd not been near Antares.

DOCTOR: In six millennia, yes. Oh. You mean...?

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: We've not been to Folkestone *yet*.

CHARLEY: Of course. So obvious.

DOCTOR: Ah. I've been to Folkestone. With a Jesic, in fact.

CHARLEY: Really?

DOCTOR: Well, Jessica. The German bombardment of Antwerp, October 1914. A young lady named Jessica Borthwick. Taking Belgian refugees across the Channel, under fire in her yacht. Desperate days. Oh well. Onward, Charlotte.

(Door closes.)

CHARLEY: Goodbye Jesic, again. And you, Murgat.

MURGAT: You can't lie to him forever, Charlotte Pollard. And when he finds out he's been deceived...

CHARLEY: I know.

MURGAT: I wouldn't like to be in your shoes, yes?

CHARLEY: Yes. But I will tell him, when the time's right.

MURGAT: Will you?

CHARLEY: Yes.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Are you lot going to stand there gassing all day?

CHARLEY: I'm here, I'm here.

(Door closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

MURGAT: Come along, girl. We have great work to do.

JESIC: Don't forget, Murgat. I only have to say the word.

MURGAT: Great work.

(Theme tune again which fades into the Dalek heartbeat.... and Jesic screaming.)

DALEKS: Tell us, tell us, tell us the word! Tell us, tell us, tell us the word!

DALEK: Enough. This was the truth?

JESIC: Everything I've told you. Yes. Every word.

MURGAT: Red Dalek, let her go.

JESIC: Tell them.

MURGAT: Just hold on, Jesic.

JESIC: It's over, Murgat. It's done. You know it is. The Doctor was right.

MURGAT: Believe. You have hurt her, Red Dalek. She's in pain.

DALEK 1: Red Dalek, shall we release her?

DALEK: No. Murgat, Thal, you have corrupted us.

JESIC: Just end it, Murgat, or I will.

MURGAT: No! Brother Daleks, I have made you free.

DALEK: You have held us to a false doctrine. We must retaliate, Comrade Daleks.

DALEKS: Hail. Hail.

JESIC: Say the word, then.

MURGAT: Jesic, no!

DALEK: The word?

JESIC: You know the word. It's been there, buried deep within you for so long, but it's still there.

DALEK: I... I...

MURGAT: Comrade Daleks, there is a way back from this. A way forward, I mean. A bright shining future for our brotherhood.

DALEK: Yes, we shall be reunited with our brothers on Skaro. Together we shall journey on, spreading the word of our true doctrine across the known universe. And that word shall be...

MURGAT: No! No, you've got it all wrong!

JESIC: Just say it!

DALEK: And that word shall be...

DOCTOR [memory]: (sotto) Exterminate.

JESIC [memory]: I understand, Doctor.

DALEK: Exterminate.

JESIC: The word.

MURGAT: Noooo! You idiots! Why?

DALEKS: Exterminate! Exterminate! Exterminate!

MURGAT: You don't know what you've done!

JESIC: It was a good dream, Murgat. A dream worth having.

DALEK: Exterminate the microverse. Exterminate these Thals.

DALEK 1: Red Dalek, our brothers report localised gravitational fluctuations.

DALEK: Elaborate.

DALEK 1: Electrical surges reported throughout Dalek city state.

DALEK: What is happening?

MURGAT: Your final end, Comrade. I'm sorry.

DALEK 1: Power outages reported. Anti-matter shielding at sixty per cent capacity.

DALEK: Exposit.

JESIC: You said it. The word.

DALEK 1: Thirty per cent capacity.

DALEK: What word?

MURGAT: The moment you said the code word, you set in motion a chain of catastrophic failures in the city state environment.

DALEK 1: Ten per cent capacity.

MURGAT: Culminating in the failure of the shields preventing matter and anti-matter from meeting in the central power reactor.

DALEK 1: Five per cent capacity.

MURGAT: For when matter meets anti-matter...

DALEK: Brother Murgat, we must avert this. How do we avert this?

JESIC: You don't.

DALEK 1: One per cent capacity.

MURGAT: I'm sorry.

DALEK: Mercy. Mercy.

MURGAT: Exterminate.

(Whoosh!)